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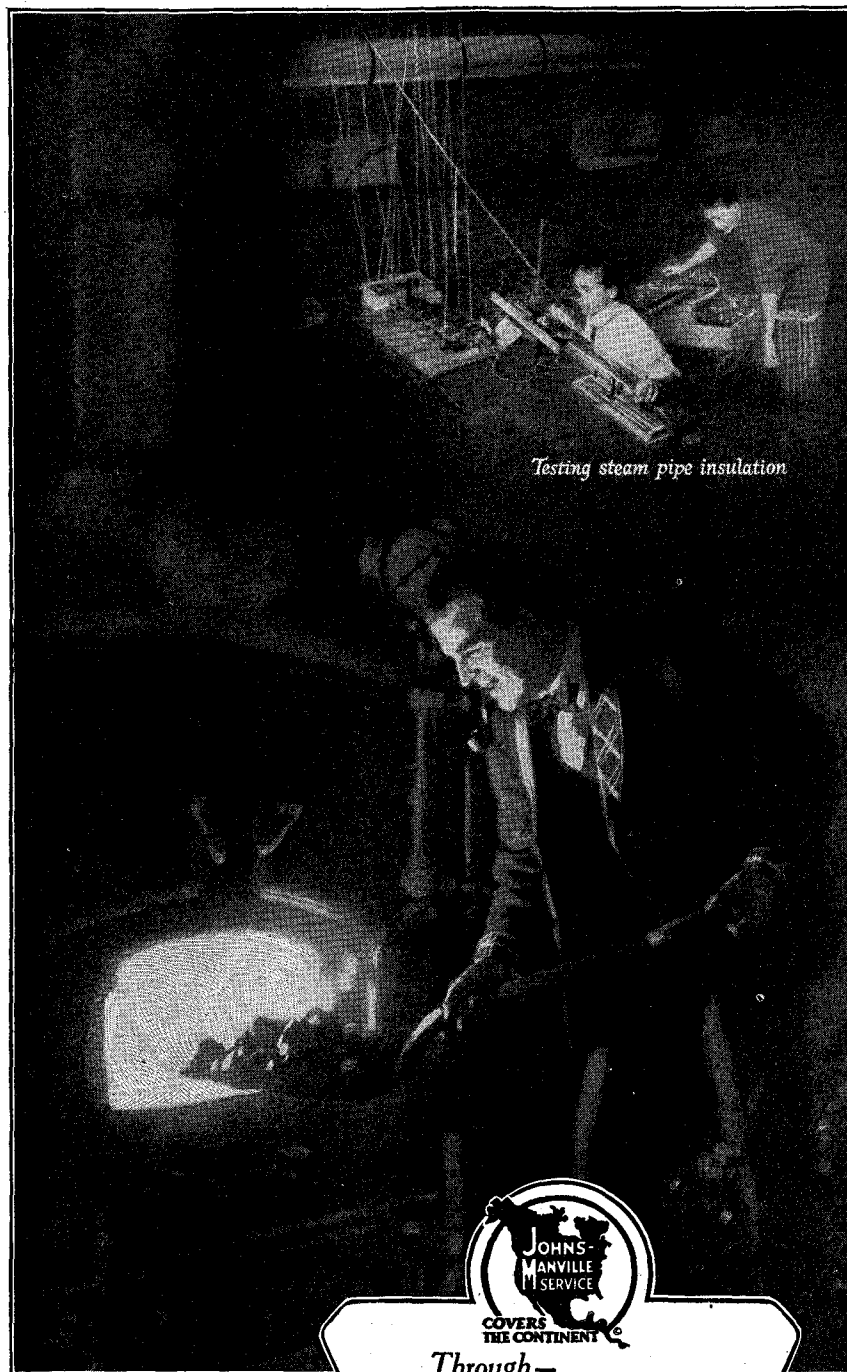
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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 19, 1919

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL DAY

SUNDAY, February 9, was observed all over the United States as "Roosevelt Memorial Day." Special services were also held in England and in France. It was the suggestion, we believe, of Colonel Arthur Woods, formerly Police Commissioner of New York and an intimate friend of Theodore Roosevelt's, that this day on which the two houses of Congress in joint session were to pay their tribute to the dead ex-President should be observed nationally. The Governors of the various States were communicated with, and the plan met instant and unanimous approval. The most important observance was that in the chamber of the House of Representatives in the afternoon, attended by Senators, Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, Justices of the Supreme Court, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and other distinguished persons. The memorial oration was spoken by Senator Lodge, who pronounced his eulogy from a full heart and from intimate knowledge. He pointed out what we believe to be one of Theodore Roosevelt's profound and far-reaching virtues:

No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor—joyous, irrepressible humor—and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments, if there was a gleam of humor anywhere, he saw it, and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself.... He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied of him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull.

A sense of humor is not a mere agreeable, superficial social quality. It is a deep and fundamental virtue. A man who has a sense of humor cannot be a prig or a pedant, pompous or hypocritical, a dealer in cant or empty nothings. Such a sense of humor as Theodore Roosevelt possessed was a gift of the gods, a mark of his peculiar genius.

Almost every church in the United States held a special service in which the memory of Mr. Roosevelt was honored either by addresses or sermons or some form of patriotic ritual. The New York "Sun," in its excellent report of the day, says:

Hymns were sung and patriotic airs were played, and again and again ex-

tracts from the many stirring messages written or spoken by Colonel Roosevelt were read from pulpit or platform that the listeners might dwell again upon the glories of being an American of the Rooseveltian kind—a quality of Americanism generally admitted to be precisely what the founders had in mind when they formed the Republic.

Ritualistic churches, in which almost never before was permission granted to deviate from the prescribed music of the Sunday service, echoed to the strains of National airs. In Catholic churches, priests celebrating Mass stood at attention in their sanctuaries as the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" poured forth sonorously from the organ lofts.

The day was not merely a memorial to a great American citizen and leader. It turned out to be a day upon which the American people, without distinction of party or creed, renewed to themselves a pledge to preserve in this Republic those principles of justice and liberty and moral law under which it was founded—principles of which Theodore Roosevelt for forty years was an untiring champion.

PROGRESS IN THE PEACE CONFERENCE

It is hoped, as we write, that the drafted plan for the League of Nations will be completed by the commission in charge of this work so that it may be laid before the Peace Conference prior to President Wilson's departure for the United States.

There have been many reports as to changes of attitude in the committee which is drafting this plan, as regards the military authority of the League, as regards economic pressure as a means of compelling obedience to the League, and as to other points. One of the latest statements we have seen indicates a return to the idea of an international army, but in the sense that each nation should maintain its section of such an army within its own borders in readiness to join in executing the international will of the League. It is futile to discuss the various indications from Paris until the plan comes as a whole before the Peace Conference.

What is to become of the proposed Russian Conference at Princes' Islands? The Bolsheviks have indicated their willingness to participate in such a conference. But they modify their acceptance in such a way as almost to nullify it. While they express great willingness to meet the representatives of the Allies, they only grudgingly indicate willingness to confer with "some" of the Russian

provisional governments. A very significant word, that "some"! With perhaps one exception, the other factions or governments in what was once Russia are outspokenly unwilling to meet the Bolsheviks. Sazonoff, formerly Russian Foreign Minister, declares that the conciliatory words of the Bolshevik Foreign Minister's message to the Allies "are empty hypocrisy because they represent nothing of which they assume to speak. It is merely a plan to use the conference as a Bolshevik propaganda maneuver."

One of the most definite, positive things the Peace Conference has done was its recent order—for it was practically an order or demand, rather than a request—to the Poles and Czechoslovaks to cease their fighting and to leave the decision of boundaries and other questions to the Conference or the League. Both Poland and Czechoslovakia are recognized as national entities by the Allies. If they expect to be helped and protected, they must cease fighting one another. The edict from the Peace Conference referred to made this clear and plain.

The Supreme Allied War Council is hard at work, as we write, deciding precisely what terms shall be insisted upon in renewing the armistice, which is about to expire. It is evident that economic as well as military necessities must be dealt with for the period before final terms are given to Germany. Accordingly, on President Wilson's motion, it has been voted in the Supreme War Council to establish a "supreme economic council" to deal with the matters of finance, food, blockade control, and shipping of raw materials during the period of the armistice.

NICHOLAS TCHAYKOVSKY

As one reads of the spurning of the proposed Princes' Islands meeting by Tchaykovsky, Milyukov, Kolchak, and other Russian leaders, one looks back to the days when the American Government aided such men instead of putting stumbling-blocks in their path.

Particularly is this true of Tchaykovsky, whose portrait appears on another page. He was one of the very early organizers of the revolutionary movement in Russia, although he was preceded by Bakunin, Herzen, and others. In the very early 70's he founded the revolutionary "circle" that bore his name. He was forced to emigrate. He came to this country and lived in New York City (he spoke at a Carnegie Hall meeting on that

visit), and then for some years in London. In both places he was liked and trusted.

Returning to Russia, he was arrested and imprisoned (at the same time as Madame Breshkovsky) in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, on the shores of the Neva at Petrograd. The outlook for a favorable result of the coming trial was gloomy. Many friends from America and England petitioned the Russian Government for clemency. Among the American signers were Bishops Greer and Lawrence, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Seth Low, William D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Hamilton W. Mabie, Walter H. Page, Samuel J. Barrows, and "Mark Twain." Tchaykovsky's acquittal was largely due to these protests, and also to the pressure brought to bear on the Czar's Government by Great Britain. It was due as well to the failure of Government witnesses to substantiate some statements made by them before the trial.

What a change from 1910 to 1918, a year which finds Nicholas Tchaykovsky President of "the Sovereign Government of the Northern Regions of Russia"! When asked what his Government's programme was to be, he replied, according to a correspondent of the New York "Times": "The first and foremost plank in our platform is to drive the Germans away and knock out Bolshevism. . . . Then, if you ask for the second item in our programme, I would say—to open our arms to the Czechoslovaks and to those working with them in Siberia."

In 1919 Nicholas Tchaykovsky arrives in Paris to discuss matters directly with the Powers. He disdains the invitation to discuss any matters with the dubious delegates of those Powers together with the Bolsheviki at the Princes' Islands. In this he commands the sympathy of all decent folk.

"THE OLD GERMAN SPIRIT"

Was it the spirit of Bismarck or Goethe that Ebert invoked when he opened the German National Assembly, at Weimar on February 6, by saying: "We will call on the old German spirit of Weimar. We will be an empire of justice and truth." If Germany is to be a nation of justice and truth, whether it is called an "empire" or a democracy, it must begin by learning what truth and justice are. Nowhere in Ebert's speech was there the slightest indication that the German Socialists, who supported the war from beginning to end, realize that the German people and Government are the greatest international criminals of modern times. Not Goethe's pure humanity but Bismarck's "blood and iron" have marked the inception, the method, and the acts of Germany's war for domination.

Instead of showing a repentant or even

a chastened mood, Ebert inveighed against the armistice terms as "ruthless," and almost whined at the suffering that Germany has brought upon herself.

Dr. Eduard David, who has been chosen President of the National Assembly, did at least declare that the old German structure had been destroyed, that a new and better one must take its place, and even that Germany was a country ripe for democracy. Dr. David is a Social Democrat and has criticised extreme governmental war measures, but usually because they were ineffective rather than because they were wrong.

Weimar, the scene of the Assembly, is a quiet old town, rich in memories of Goethe, Schiller, Liszt, and Wagner. The very building in which the Assembly meets stands on the site of a theater planned by Goethe, who also laid out a beautiful park near by. A photograph of the theater as it is to-day appears on another page. The statues of Goethe and Schiller on one pedestal standing before it might well remind the delegates of the older and better Germany. Weimar is often called the German Athens. The wisdom of Athene is sorely needed by Germany in this crisis. Meanwhile the delegates have called in Mars to protect them in the form of many hundreds of soldiers as yet untouched by the taint of the Spartacide revolt, which is not yet extinct, as fighting in Kiel, Hamburg, and even in Berlin has lately shown.

THE BRITISH EMBARGO

Great Britain has placed a new embargo or prohibition against the landing of certain grades and classes of merchandise on her shores. It goes into effect on March 1. It is not directed against the United States any more than against other countries. Naturally, however, it has aroused in our Congress inquiry, and some alarm and threats of economic reprisals are made.

It should be understood that this embargo is not a reversal of the English tariff system. It is an outcome of war conditions and is a special and temporary measure. Large stocks of goods have accumulated and at the same time British commercial manufactures have fallen off because of the war activities, and British commerce needs instant stimulation.

More or less the same thing is true of other countries. Economic diplomacy is called for to bring about equitable relations. Commerce and manufacturing must be encouraged everywhere and coincidentally measures must be taken to prevent unfair pressure on the individual nations.

Ultimately the Peace Conference will deal with the puzzling economic world situation. In the meantime there must be

a policy of give and take rather than a mad series of reprisals and counter-reprisals.

A hopeful sign is the news that conferences between American exporters and British manufacturers have been arranged. Already it is understood that modifications of the embargo will be recommended to the British Government by the British manufacturers themselves—as with rubber goods, for instance.

Precisely the same kind of embargo has been urged upon our War Trade Board by American manufacturers, and it was pointed out in the Senate that our extreme protective theorists want to do permanently what Great Britain is now doing temporarily and as an emergency measure.

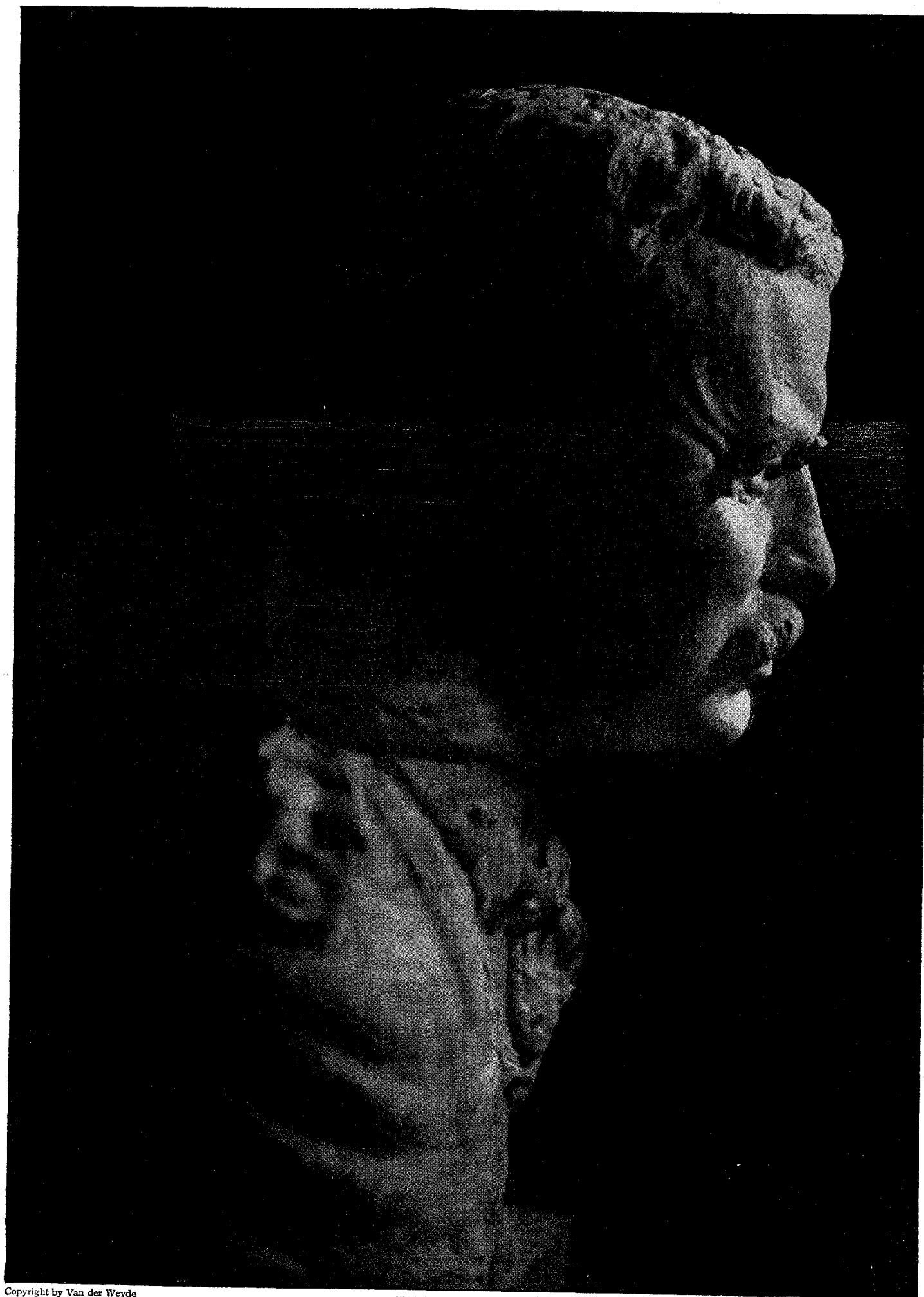
Adjustment and friendly bargaining, not indignation and rhetoric, are what is needed.

LABOR TURMOIL

Abroad, as well as at home, strikes and rumors of strikes have appeared on every hand. They are symptomatic of changing industrial conditions. They do not seem, as a rule, to be based on the lowering of wages or the discharge of industrial workers—both of which conditions might be a natural consequence of the end of war activities—but rather to represent an attitude of protest by labor against future apprehended action of this kind. And labor conceals its fears for the future by demanding additional advantages in the way of pay and time instead of deprecating reduction in either direction.

In the United States the labor war in Seattle has been the most extensive and the most dangerous of these strikes. Other industrial clashes have occurred in Lawrence, Massachusetts; Paterson and Passaic, New Jersey; San Francisco; Butte, Montana; and elsewhere.

The notable and possibly unique feature of the Seattle strike has been that it has involved (for the first time, on a large scale at least, in our industrial history) a sympathetic general strike in which thousands of workers not concerned in the original strike of the ship-workers went out. The Mayor of Seattle calls this "a sympathetic revolution," and says it was caused in "the exact manner as was the Revolution in Petrograd." The I. W. W. element is unusually strong in Seattle, and there seems to be basis in the charge that the strike is more than an industrial quarrel, and that there has been an attempt to start in Seattle a general movement which would have at least some of the elements of Bolshevik theories. At all events, United States troops were brought near the scene of action; strenuous measures were taken by the civic



Copyright by Van der Weyde

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This striking photograph by Van der Weyde is of the excellent bust by James Fraser

authorities, and on February 8, Mayor Ole Hanson was able to state, "The backbone of the strike has been broken." For a time it looked as if industry and traffic might be stopped entirely. A notable point about the strike of the ship-workers, which confirms what we have said above, was that the main object was a rise of wages; the demand was for \$8 a day for skilled labor.

Mayor Hanson is a man of energy and courage, and he made it evident from the start that no violence or interference with life or property would be permitted; he insisted upon the running of street cars, light, water, and power plants, and spoke boldly of the duty of the unions to "cleanse themselves of their Anarchistic elements."

In the strike in Lawrence the demand was for forty-eight hours as a week's work at the old pay; some workers have gone back on the basis of forty-eight hours with reduced wages.

THE LONDON STRIKE

In Great Britain there have been serious labor difficulties in London, Belfast, Glasgow, and elsewhere. The London underground "tubes" were tied up for a time, and district railway workers went out in sympathy. The situation was serious and dangerous. But on February 8 it was officially announced that an agreement had been reached for the settlement of the strike. According to the statement of the union leaders, the British Government (which through its Board of Trade has considerable industrial authority) first refused to intervene because the matter was a local industrial dispute, and then changed face and did intervene because of the large aspects of the strike.

In London the chief point in controversy seems to have been a demand on the part of the men for a forty hours' week. This would mean five days' work of eight hours each. This certainly does not indicate that the workers are oppressed in the amount of labor now asked. One statement was that the strike largely centered about a demand for half an hour's lunch time; one workman remarked that, while this might seem a trifle to people who had always had the half-hour, it was not a trifle to those who did not have it.

As we write the industrial atmosphere seems a little clearer. The London workers did not return at once in large numbers to their tasks; but this is said to be due to the fact that they did not like to lose a Saturday holiday—probably the proverbial British "Blue Monday" may have kept them away still another day.

It is an economic action that prices of necessities rise and fall more quickly than wages. It will be surprising, therefore, if the world goes through the transition

industrial period without trouble. Good business sense and a spirit of fairness, together with willingness to apply the principles of conciliation and arbitration, are what are most needed now and in the future.

WHAT MR. WILLYS PROPOSES

The daily newspapers recently reported a remarkable plan attributed to the Willys-Overland Company, of Toledo, and we thereupon wrote to the President of that Company to inquire whether the reports were accurate. Mr. John N. Willys, the President, promptly replied that they were, and we are glad to announce the plan as the Company has stated it to us:

After permanent capital and permanent labor have each been justly compensated, having due regard to the cost of each (the cost of capital and the cost of living), the additional profits accruing from the joint employment of permanent capital and permanent labor shall be divided equally between them—fifty-fifty . . . for the years 1919 and 1920, and each year thereafter if the plan proves satisfactory to both capital and labor.

In making this announcement Mr. Willys accompanied it by a personal statement, from which we take the following:

First, I want it distinctly understood that I do not believe in or have any sympathy with any phase of Bolshevism or anarchy of any type. . . .

As I look back over the years . . . which have made the Willys-Overland Companies possible, as you know them to-day, I believe I get more satisfaction out of the fact that I have never allowed myself . . . to forget both the thousands who have loyally worked with me, each in his place, and also the thousands who showed their confidence in our organization by investing their savings in our property, both having an equally important part in bringing about the results we are so proud of.

We have heard a great deal of late concerning a world democracy. . . . I believe this must be much more than a political democracy. . . . There must be worked out a different plan than the one now existing between capital and labor, and a more equitable distribution of the profit of their combined efforts. . . .

Labor wants nothing given as a sop or as a matter of expediency; labor wants simply its just share in what it has helped to create.

Men like Mr. Willys are the ones who will make the coming co-operation between capital and labor possible. And that co-operation is the urgent necessity of our time.

A CALL TO AMERICAN NATURE-LOVERS

"Laws to protect small and harmless wild life, especially birds, are indispen-

sable." So said Theodore Roosevelt in *The Outlook* three years ago. But "such laws cannot be enacted or enforced until public opinion is back of them," he added, "and associations like the Audubon Societies do work of incalculable good in stirring, rousing, and giving effect to this opinion."

That was what Mr. Roosevelt thought of the Audubon Societies. What they thought of him we condense from a little leaflet just published by them:

"Theodore Roosevelt was an inspiration to conservationists, naturalists, sportsmen, but especially to bird-lovers. 'He taught and practiced clean, straight sportsmanship with a power that has caused thousands of men afield to walk in straighter paths. . . . Men of the open loved him, and the faces about his camp-fire, whether black or yellow, white or copper, bent their gaze upon him with that respect and affection which men of towering nobility have ever inspired.'"

In his youth Mr. Roosevelt was a scientific collector of birds. Later he was to become President of the Long Island Bird Club; it feeds the wild birds in winter and teaches little children to love them. He was to seek the fiercest animals of the jungle and bring his trophies to museums where the people might see them and learn. One of the outstanding accomplishments of his service as President was to awaken the Nation to the need of saving its natural resources, the forests in particular, and this not only because of the need to conserve water and timber, but also because of the need to conserve the forest's animal life. He established the principle of Government bird reservations, and created no less than thirty-eight of these National wild-life sanctuaries.

A plan has been formed, we are glad to say, to erect at some appropriate spot a memorial which shall speak of the bird life in which Theodore Roosevelt was so deeply interested. The National Association of Audubon Societies and affiliated organizations suggest the erection of a "Roosevelt Memorial Fountain." This is an appropriate idea. It appeals with power to those who knew Mr. Roosevelt best. Contributions for the memorial may be sent to Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Treasurer, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

The possibilities of such a work of art are great. In the hands of some eminent and sympathetic sculptor there should be wrought a fountain of such beauty as to become one of the landmarks of our country.

MR. HUGHES AND ARMENIA

On February 8 some five hundred Armenians and their friends met at a

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



William Harding

SAFETY FIRST

Kirby in the New York World



WHILE THE PEACE CONFERENCE SITS

"PEACE! PEACE!" AND THERE IS NO PEACE—IN RUSSIA

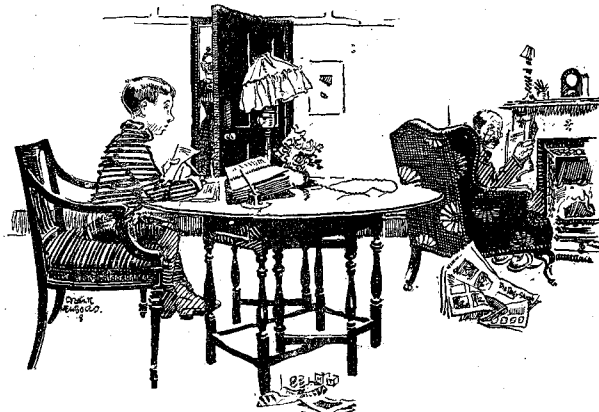
Métivet in Le Rire (Paris)



TO A THINKER [WILSON]

"While thinking of the bright future which dazzles your eyes in this day-dawning, remember to punish those who are responsible for the black past which is still with us"

Newbould in the Passing Show



THE GRAMMAR OF EXPERIENCE

Small Boy: "I say, dad, what's the future tense of 'courting'?"
Father (sully): "Caught!"

Garnett in London Opinion



"Perhaps the doctor has an old pair of trousers, mum?"
"No, I'm afraid not."
"But maybe you'd ask him, mum?"
"No use, my good man—er—I'm the doctor!"

dinner of international significance at the Plaza Hotel, New York City, during which a brilliant pageant on a stage at one end of the ballroom by men and women in picturesque costume depicted three thousand years of Armenian history.

Ex-Ambassador Gerard, who presided, and William J. Bryan, who spoke, asserted that the Peace Conference at Paris could not ignore the claims of Armenia. Mention was of course made of the million Armenians starved, outraged, and slaughtered by the Turks, and of the Armenian contingent that fought with the Allies.

Messages were read and speeches made pledging the support to Armenia of the British, French, and Greek Governments. Will our own Government act with them? It should, in the opinion of ex-Governor Hughes in his speech at the dinner. He declared that we have always been the friends of the Armenians, admiring their industry, their intellectual alertness, their keenness, their sobriety, their aptitude for education and affairs, and we have revolted at the thought of such a people being under the yoke of the Turk. Judge Hughes continued:

Now we rejoice that the hour of liberation has come. The vain ambition of brute force has overreached itself and has resulted in the emancipation of the downtrodden and oppressed of centuries.

There is no doubt of the capacity of the Armenians for freedom. They have shown a racial solidarity and a capacity to survive incredible misfortunes; they have rare intelligence, and no people prize more highly the advantages of education. All they need is the opportunity which only civil and religious liberty can provide. . . .

We see no insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of this happy result.

As to the proposal that America should take over a virtual protectorate of Armenia, however, Mr. Hughes did not believe that such a course would be either necessary or wise. Indeed, he declared that "it is no more necessary that America should assume a virtual protectorate of Armenia than that Great Britain or France should assume a protectorate of Cuba."

But as to the main matter in hand, Mr. Hughes proclaimed what we are sure reflects the sentiment of America:

We do, however, desire that our just influence, exerted in any proper way, shall be thrown on the side of the independence of Armenia. We are peculiarly sensitive to her appeal, and we desire for her the prosperous future to which the industry and genius of her people entitle her.

THE Y. W. C. A. IN RUSSIA

Most significant of the satisfactory work done by the American women sent into Russia by the Young Women's Christian Association is the fact that

Ambassador Francis has completely reversed his opinion as to the advisability of sending women into Russia when conditions are so unsettled. Though at first opposed to the plan, he has since cabled his approval to the State Department. The Overseas Council of the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. is seeking workers for Russia. By the end of February the Association plans to have sixteen secretaries there, and another group of ten or more will be sent to Vladivostok in the spring.

The work in Russia was started in April, 1917, in response to an appeal from representative Russian women asking that the Y. W. C. A. be sent to that country. Two secretaries were sent to Petrograd in May, 1917, and by September of the following year additional centers had been opened at Moscow, Samara, and Kiev. The Bolshevik government, however, ordered all foreigners out of the country, and, as a consequence, the secretaries had to leave for Sweden. But the Russian women are keeping the Associations open and doing all they can to carry on the work until the Americans are allowed to return. In the meantime the secretaries have gone back to Archangel, where the American troops are stationed. They have established there a canteen for the soldiers, also lectures, entertainments, and moving pictures, and this work will continue as long as we have soldiers in Russia.

The work of the two secretaries in Petrograd was not only exciting but decidedly varied, and it is an enlightening example of what can be done under most trying and difficult circumstances. In October, 1917, a building and furniture were procured and the first meetings were held, despite the fact that soldiers had barricaded the street and the guns from the Fortress of Saints Peter and Paul were pounding into the Winter Palace, four blocks away. Class attendance dropped off during the worst days of the rioting, but the interest of the Russian girls in their studies was such that the work seemed scarcely to be interrupted.

Soon after the opening in Petrograd the gymnasium classes had a regular attendance of two hundred and twenty-five girls from stores and factories. There is one sad drawback to the gymnasium in Russia at present, however. When one girl was asked why she had dropped out of the class, she replied, "Oh, I like it very much, but it makes me so hungry, and we have so little to eat at home."

During June and July the Y. W. C. A. secretaries took charge of the woman's department of an exhibit of country life on an agricultural demonstration boat which made a trip along the historic Volga River. The children's play was

supervised by the recreation leader, while their mothers and fathers attended lectures on gardening, orcharding, household management, cooking, or the care and feeding of babies, demonstrated by a Russian doctor. These lectures were greatly appreciated. Particular interest was shown in two lectures on "Domestic Science in American Schools," and from one town came an urgent request for the plans of organization of such a course in a girls' high school.

The Volga River trip was one more contact with the Russian people, one more chance to prove to Russian women that these American women are there to help in this unstable time however and wherever they can. As one familiar with the work already done by the Y. W. C. A. in Russia has said, "If twenty secretaries were just to be there, it would be worth the money. It would be representative of our belief in Russia."

HAWAII'S RECORD

The Outlook of December 18, 1918, called attention to fair Hawaii, "our Island Cinderella," too little appreciated for her services in the war and otherwise. Now that honors for distinguished service are being widely bestowed, Hawaii asks for her share.

We have received a letter on this subject from Hawaii's Publicity Commissioner, and another from her Liberty Loan Committee—several pages embodying facts for public record to her credit, viz.: "The only portion of Uncle Sam's possessions to derive no benefit from war orders;" her income being almost wholly from her product of sugar and pineapples, the war interfered with her trade and brought heavy losses on her merchants. "Practically all passenger steamers were withdrawn," and mail service was interrupted for "weeks at a stretch."

Nevertheless every Liberty Loan was oversubscribed. Hawaii's record, War Stamps included, is \$25,800,000 for a year of war work. Added to this should be the drives for Belgian, French, Serbian, Siberian, and other relief work. "We set for ourselves a very high quota, and in every case have gone over the top fifty and one hundred per cent. Hundreds of French children have been adopted by good citizens. Our women are working strenuously for the women and children of Siberia. Seven-eighths of Hawaii's population—256,180—are alien and overwhelmingly Oriental.

"Every race and every creed has come forward with equal loyalty. The events of the past year make all American citizens resident here proud of the record made by what is fitly called 'the melting-pot of the Pacific.'" On this showing

little Hawaii is surely entitled to a place in the sun of public distinction.

FARMING IN EUROPE

We have had repeated reports from the Hoover Commission concerning agricultural and food conditions in European countries other than Great Britain, France, and Italy. We now have the report of our Department of Agriculture's Commission, appointed some months ago to study conditions in these three countries.

As to bread supplies, the outstanding facts, as developed by the Commission, are as follows:

The United Kingdom's war agriculture in 1918 increased its home-grown supplies fourfold.

France's production declined, though the 1918 production was somewhat better than that of 1917. The production of other foods in France, however, decreased sharply, especially in sugar beets, grown chiefly in the northern area, where the ravages of the war have been greatest.

Italy's wheat production in 1918 was considerably less, but the reduction in the volume of Italy's breadstuffs has not been very serious.

As to live-stock conditions, all three countries will need to import for some time to come large supplies of meats, fats, and dairy products.

Thus, while the wheat situation in Great Britain has immensely improved, for France and Italy there will prevail a strong demand for our wheat, and in all European countries for our meat, sugar, cotton, wool, fertilizers, and farm machinery.

The report is interesting not only as describing production abroad, but also as indicating our responsibility at home.

IRELAND FOR SOME OF THE IRISH

The proponents of a joint resolution favorably acted upon by the House Foreign Affairs Committee would have done something practical if, after they had expressed the earnest hope that the Peace Conference should favorably consider the claims of Ireland to self-determination, they had enlightened a listening world as to how an independent Ireland acceptable to Irishmen may be brought about. The British Parliament, a congress of Irish parties, and ardent Home Rulers of all types have struggled in vain with that problem.

It is not a question of majority and minority, but of section against section. And if North and South Ireland cannot agree upon unity with local autonomy, how much less could they live in political harmony as one independent nation?

It is not likely that this resolution will be adopted by Congress; not likely that it will ever come to a vote. It is one of

the methods by which certain classes of constituents may be pleased and placated by their Representatives.

ALBANIAN INDEPENDENCE

On the very date when President Wilson at Rome pointed out the need of safeguarding the independence of the various Balkan States the Albanians in North America held a convention at Boston. They passed a resolution appealing to the Allied Governments at Paris to proclaim and guarantee the sovereign independence of Albania, urging also that a vote be taken in any disputed border districts *after a previous occupation by American forces*, thus insuring a free expression of the wishes of the people.

The Albanians are the old Illyrians. They are a hardy, rough mountain race. They are the oldest inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula. They have always defied racial obliteration, and have been impatient of control. They have led a semi-independent existence. The Turkish Sultan had to be very careful how he taxed them, if, indeed, he taxed them at all!

In religion the Albanians are mostly Mohammedans, but there are many Roman Catholics in the north and many Greek Catholics in the south. While the Albanians claim that, despite these religious differences, they are still a sufficiently homogeneous people to claim an independent national existence, the difficulty is that these differences emphasize the age-old intertribal conflicts.

In 1880 Albania asked for complete autonomy from Turkey. The Sultan gave promises but never carried them out. In 1908 the Albanians found themselves deceived by the Young Turks, as they had been by the Old Turks. They began a revolt, and in 1910 proclaimed their country's independence. This, together with the Turkish oppression in Macedonia, formed the cause of the Balkan War of 1912. The Treaty of London terminated that war, created the sovereign state of Albania, and put it under the collective protection of the European Powers. They neutralized the state so as to insure its protection against foreign aggression and chose Prince William of Wied as its ruler.

ALBANIA AND AMERICA

War came. Prince William fled, and in 1917 the Italian Government proclaimed the independence of Albania—under the protection of Italy! This in itself might not be so bad if Italy really expected to safeguard Albanian national rights. We suspect, however, that the wish to possess the port of Avlona and unrest at the Greek invasion of Albania some months before were the determining

factors. Southern Albania is largely populated by Greeks. Jugoslavian and Greek ambition would absorb the northern and southern portions of Albania, expecting a central part later inevitably to gravitate towards one or the other.

American interest in Albania is due largely to the educational, charitable, and religious work done there by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational), and in especial to the school at Koritsa, founded by an Albanian family named Kyrias. Some of the women of this family were graduates of Constantinople College (formerly known as the American College for Girls), at Constantinople. The Outlook has repeatedly commented on the benefit to the whole Near East due to this College. While the school is still supervised by the Kyrias family, it is now closely affiliated with the work of the American Board.

The ultimate causes of wars should be considered at Paris. More than any other cause, the Balkan question, in its various ramifications, seems to have suggested the various hostile intrigues and machinations of recent generations. Albanians fear that in the settlement at Paris the conferees may consider the claims of a greater Italy, a greater Greece, a greater Montenegro, and a greater Serbia before they do those of Albania.

It may be that certain border districts of Albania could be assigned to Greece or Montenegro or Italy. Albania herself could, and should, become federated with other Balkan nations, just as Montenegro doubtless will become federated in a liberal Jugoslav government. But neither Montenegro nor Albania will, we believe, rest willingly under the domination of any other Balkan Power.

A CORRECTION

We have received the following letter from Mr. Theodore H. Price in relation to his article "Looking Ahead in Business," which appeared in The Outlook dated January 29:

In the article entitled "Looking Ahead in the Business World," published under my name in your issue of January 29, I included in the list of securities printed as part of that article the common and preferred stock of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad.

The inclusion of this stock in the list of those securities that had paid dividends on the basis named during the year 1918 was a mistake. Pending a conclusion of the contract with the United States Railroad Administration, under which the compensation which it is to receive from the United States Government shall be determined, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road has not declared or paid any dividends on its outstanding stock issue.

It is not, however, to be inferred from this statement that the dividends have

been permanently suspended or passed.
They are simply held in abeyance.

THEODORE H. PRICE.

New York City, February 6, 1919.

THE RAILWAYS

THERE are now before the country four great comprehensive plans for dealing with the railway question.

One is outright Government ownership and operation. This plan has not been practically formulated, nor does it appear to have a very large backing in public opinion.

The second is to turn the railways back immediately to their private owners with a reorganization of Government regulation and a continuance in some degree of Government financial aid. Under the plan of private ownership, Mr. Paul Warburg has formulated a scheme of dividing the country up into zones or districts like those of the Federal Reserve Banks, letting the railways in each district be consolidated and operated by private enterprise.

The third is the plan of Mr. McAdoo and his successor, Mr. Walker D. Hines. Their advice is that the war method of administering the railways be continued for five years, which they believe will give the country time to debate, discuss, and formulate what shall be the final disposition of the roads.

A group of labor organizations, including both railway men and organized labor in other trades and branches of industry, have now recommended a fourth plan. It is that the interest of the private owners be purchased by the Government by bonds, and that the Government turn the railways over to the wage-workers for operation. The Government is to be recompensed by a reasonable rental fee, and after this and operating expenses are paid profits in a co-operative fashion are to be divided among the wage-workers who are running the railways. If there are no profits, the Government is to make up the deficit out of funds contributed by the taxpayers of the country.

These various proposals and the discussions resulting from them give more and more weight, we are inclined to think, to the advice of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hines. It is apparent that the country at present does not know its own mind, although the various groups may know theirs. As we understand Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hines, they urge the continuance of the present status, which is at least tolerable, until we can all decide what we really want.

In two particulars The Outlook has made up its mind. Whatever is the final disposition of the railways, whether it be private ownership, public ownership, or labor ownership, the Warburg zone plan should be adopted. The power of regulation, if it is constitutionally possible, should

be taken away from the States and should be given exclusively to the Federal Government, and that regulation should be administered over consolidated railways operating in a few great zones or departments of the country.

The second aspect of the question on which we have reached a definite conclusion is that, while an equitable division of profits among the wage-workers of the railways is eminently desirable, there is a fatal objection to their plan. It lies in the fact that if there are no profits the deficit is to be paid by the taxpayers. No surer scheme could be devised than this to prevent the making of any profits. A railway president or superintendent or passenger agent or freight agent working under such a system would inevitably, no matter how good his resolutions were, develop into a sinecurist. A sinecurist is one who holds or seeks a sinecure, which latter word the Century Dictionary defines as "any office or position giving profitable returns without requiring work." A railway system administered by wage-workers and salaried employees who knew that the taxpayers were going to pay those wages and salaries, irrespective as to whether the enterprise yielded profits or deficits, would be pretty sure to be conducted so that the result would be deficits.

If organized labor wants the country to adopt the profit-sharing system in the railways, it must agree to accept diminished wages wherever its work produces loss instead of gain.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

LOWELL was born just a hundred years ago on Washington's Birthday. If we were to recall those great Americans of his generation whose pen and voice and counsel would be of supreme value at this very crisis in National and world affairs, only Lincoln's name would in most minds lead Lowell's. The principles he held, the patriotism he illustrated, were not limited by time; they were immutable and universal in nature. It was said of him with exactness just after his death: "He was as far as possible removed from the shallow Americanism so often forced upon us. . . . He had the calmness, the dignity, the reserve, of a high nature; his Americanism was neither Chauvinism nor provincialism; it was the deepest loyalty to the democratic idea and ideal."

It is because of Lowell's sound patriotism, even more than for his literary qualities, that his influence will last beyond that of any of the New England writers of his day unless it be Emerson. This is shown in serious verse in his noble "Commemoration Ode," in humorous verse in his ever-delightful "Biglow Papers," in prose in his "Democracy," and in many

other essays—often coming irrepressibly to the front even when the nominal subject was far removed from public affairs. Lowell was a publicist in the human, vital sense, free from the laborious, dry-as-dust methods too often attached to that word. Would that he were alive to-day to write another essay "On the Present Crisis"!

Another large service that Lowell rendered to America was that of a critic and exponent of literature. No other American writer of his day was so precisely fitted to do this. He was not only a scholar, but an omnivorous reader of the literature of modern Europe. Longfellow had done much to introduce Americans to the world's culture, but Lowell did more. His papers on the great poets and dramatists were rich in appreciation and discrimination. His volumes of collected essays on literary subjects such as "My Study Windows" and "Among My Books" well repay reading to-day. As editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" Lowell also did much to train and inspire literary taste and literary refinement among American readers. In his Letters, collected and admirably edited by his friend Charles Eliot Norton, Lowell's personality and charm may be found at their very best; in them he often laid aside formal dignity and wrote with vivacity, playfulness, and acute powers of observation.

Courage and resolution were evident in all James Russell Lowell's public life. If any "practical politician" of the old school tried to wave Lowell aside as "one of those damned literary fellers" (and we rather think that the phrase was first applied to Lowell when he was made Minister to England), he soon found out that there was practical common sense in the man who fought the spoils system, denounced machine rule, insisted that the financial obligations of the country should be met, and set high the standard of American republicanism. "Humor, humanity, ringing honesty, splendid indignation," marked his utterances on public questions.

Thus we honor on his centenary anniversary Lowell the poet, the essayist, the critic, the diplomatist, but most of all Lowell the American.

GEORGE D. HERRON

PRESIDENT WILSON has personally appointed Mr. William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, and the ex-Rev. George D. Herron, of Geneva, Switzerland, to the highly important diplomatic post of American delegates to meet and confer with the Russian Bolsheviks (and other Russian delegations if they decide to come) on Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople.

A large part of the civilized world

gravely objects to any conference or negotiation with the Bolsheviks, who have founded a despotism on assassination, robbery, and terror. But if they are to be negotiated with, the delegates representing this Republic should be men of the highest character and of the most unquestioned Americanism.

William Allen White answers to these requirements, but the appointment of George D. Herron outrages the decent moral sense of this country, and has been unsparingly condemned by the American press without regard to party, the one exception being a brief cablegram to the New York "Evening Post" from David Lawrence, who is supposed to be closer to President Wilson than any other newspaper correspondent. Mr. Lawrence says that Mr. Herron's appointment gratifies the liberals both in Europe and in America. If that is so, The Outlook does not wish to be classified as "liberal."

There is no need of going into the details of George D. Herron's unsavory career. He was a Congregational clergyman who was turned out by the church of which he was pastor and by the college in which he was a professor because he abandoned his wife and children in order to make a second marriage with an "affinity" who possessed, in addition to her charms of person, the charm of money. His conduct produced such social scorn and contempt in this country that he was practically ostracized. He is not even an American in the best sense of the word, for he has been living the life of an expatriate for several years in Switzerland. He is an avowed Socialist of the most radical type, and has supported by money gifts and by written and spoken words the Rand School of Social Science in New York City, which has been charged by the Government authorities with being a nest of sedition.

The American people, with the exception perhaps of the "liberals" to whom David Lawrence refers, believe that the family is the fundamental basis of organized civilization. They will not tolerate a man who says, as Mr. Herron has said, "The coercive family will pass away with the coercive economic system." No doubt Mr. Herron's views on the family will appeal to the Bolshevik leaders, but it is not the kind of appeal that ought to be made by the President of the United States.

There lies before us as this is written a copy of the "Communist Manifesto," by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Our copy bears the following imprint, "New York, 1912, Socialist Literature Company, 15 Spruce Street." From this manifesto we quote the following passages:

The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement

vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital. . . .

The bourgeois claptrap about the family and education, about the hallowed co-relation of parent and child, becomes all the more disgusting by the action of Modern Industry by which all family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder and their children transformed into simple articles of commerce and instruments of labor. . . .

For the rest nothing is more ridiculous than the virtuous indignation of our bourgeois at the community of women which they pretend is to be openly and officially established by the Communists. The Communists have no need to introduce the community of women; it has existed almost from time immemorial.

Our bourgeois, not content with having the wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives.

Bourgeois marriage is in reality a system of wives in common, and thus, at the most, what the Communists might possibly be reproached with, is that they desire to introduce in substitution for a hypocritically concealed an openly legalized community of women.

This is the kind of doctrine that George D. Herron has publicly espoused. It is the kind of doctrine that, if established in our National life, would do more to undermine the American Republic than any attacks upon life or property.

Mr. Herron's appointment is nothing less than disgraceful to President Wilson personally and to the American people as a Nation.

TO SOME UNKNOWN FRIENDS

In The Outlook of October 23, under the title "Knoll Papers: The Community Church," you refer to passages of the Bible as to which I have long felt a desire for more definite views. My special inquiry relates to that part of the quotation which says: "'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' Endowed with his spirit, they could drive away sin from their community; if they did not, the sin would remain. He said nothing to them about any successors; and neither then nor at any other time did he give them authority to appoint successors." Are these passages intended to teach that, even in Apostolic times, the followers of Jesus had power of themselves to forgive sins? If they had, was that power extended to their successors, and what is the evidence of divine authority for those who now claim to be able actually to forgive sins?

J. A. B.

THE word *remit* signifies properly to dismiss or get rid of. As applied to sin in the New Testament it indicates, not a mere release of the threatened penalty, but delivery from the power of sin itself. The Bible idea of forgiveness is the re-establishment of companionship with God

and, as a consequence, deliverance from the power of sin. It is a curious and significant fact that while in classical Greek a common phrase for forgiveness is the remission of penalty, the phrase remission of penalty never occurs in the Bible. There is indeed no explicit promise in the Bible that punishment, or at least painful consequences as the result of sin, will be remitted, while there are abundant promises that the sin itself will be abolished for those who repent of their sin and desire to escape from it. The message of the Gospel is medicinal. It is contained in such phrases as, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;" "with his stripes we are healed;" "he shall save his people from their sins;" "this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins;" "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

These promises are interpreted by human experience. I knew Mr. John B. Gough intimately. He told me once that he never came into a parlor without thinking that the people there assembled were saying to themselves, "Here comes the man who has twice had delirium tremens," and that he could not trust himself to attend a communion service where a fermented wine was used because of the temptation which the sight and odor of it involved. He bore the consequences of his sin to his dying day, but he lived in constant companionship with his heavenly Father, was wholly saved from his sin, and became the greatest apostle of temperance the world has ever known.

When Christ says to his disciples, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained," his meaning is, My disciples will be responsible for the continuance of sin in this world. If they will follow my example, imbibe my spirit, and accept my companionship, they will be able to abolish sin and bring in the kingdom of God. The responsibility is theirs. If they do not abolish sin, it will not be abolished. Let me add that it can never be abolished except by the spirit of self-sacrifice.

I am a minister, with just ten years' experience. In all that time I have found not more than two cases of dying people who feared to die; e. g., last week I buried, among others, three young men, all, as it happened, twenty-seven years of age. Only one of these was in fit condition for speech. He was not a member of any church—had not, that is, taken any definite step to show whether he wanted to be a Christian rather than a Mohammedan or a Mormon or a Buddhist. He used to come to church pretty regularly, and, I suppose, paid something for the support of the church. He was not a drunkard, nor licentious, nor avaricious, nor a liar, nor cruel, etc. He was good—without God.

I always ask certain questions. I discovered that he had no one to forgive, no one from whom to ask forgiveness, no one whom he owed, and all that. He thought "that he would be all right." Now I feel very uncertain about all this. I fear to die—others seem not to. At least, I want to live and work for a while yet. Others seem quite ready to go—and seemingly without more preparation than they would make for a trip to another province. And there seems to be no sense of sin. Is this my fault?

M. H.

The fear of death is no indication that one is not prepared to die. The lack of all fear of death is no indication that one is prepared to die. Great criminals have met death defiantly, in a spirit well called "dare-devil." Sainly men and sainly women have met death with shrinking, if not with fear. The attitude of mind toward death is an indication, not of moral character, but of temperament, due either to inheritance or to early training. To one with a pioneer spirit death may even be welcome as a Great Adventure, or as one step in life, which has been regarded as a series of adventures. Curiosity may be strong enough to overbalance the instinctive love of life. Not how we meet death, but how we meet life, is the true test of character.

Your other question is more difficult to answer. As a little boy I believed that I could not become a Christian unless I first passed through a bitter experience of remorse called "conviction of sin," and then entered an experience of great joyfulness, which was sometimes called "peace with God," sometimes called "assurance of salvation." After my home was broken up by the death of my mother and I was at boarding-school, I recollect going up quite frequently to my

bedroom in the darkening twilight and trying to think of all the wicked things I had done in order to produce a coveted conviction of sin; but without success.

In fact, this Puritan conception that one must struggle through an experience of doubt and despair before he can come to the light is without warrant in the New Testament. Christ found four fishermen on the Lake of Genesaret, borrowed the use of one of their boats to serve as a pulpit, preached to a congregation gathered on the shore, and then invited the four fishermen to leave their nets and become his assistants in a gospel ministry. Peter, one of the four, was overwhelmed with a sense of sinfulness. He fell down at Jesus' knee, saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." There is no indication that James or John or Andrew had any similar experience; but they left their nets and their boats and their business and became Christ's companions. They were received without any apparent conviction of sin as readily as Peter with conviction of sin. Their conviction of sin came afterwards. What may be called the natural history of sin is nowhere, even in the Bible, better described than by James in his Epistle; and the universality of sin is nowhere more tersely stated than by John: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

It is true that repentance is necessary for forgiveness. But repentance is forsaking sin, not merely lamenting over it. It is expressed by Isaiah in the verse: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Forgiveness

includes the re-establishment of friendly relations between the wrong-doer and the person wronged. If the wrong-doer is still continuing in wrong-doing, the re-establishment of friendly relations is, in the nature of the case, impossible. We may not desire to inflict any injury upon Germany, but so long as Germany has no sense that its armies have done wrong in committing robbery, murder, and rape upon an unoffending people, so long it is impossible that civilized nations should have respect for or confidence in the German people.

It is certainly true that in our age it is very rarely that the minister meets any such consciousness of sin as, judging from religious biographies, was not uncommon in, say, the seventeenth century. In the sixteenth or seventeenth century an old chronicler wrote of a famous Cardinal that he was covetous, licentious, and cruel, but full of religion. No one would write that sentence now.

This is a humanitarian age, and the tests of character which the community applies are far more likely to be the conduct of man toward his fellow-man than the expression of his reverence or devotion toward God. And consciousness of sin is more likely to be shown by a change of conduct than by a change of feeling.

In my judgment, the best remedy for that complacency, not to say that self-conceit, which is characteristic of the present age is not in preaching against sin, but in presenting such ideals of character and of conduct drawn from the life and character of Jesus Christ as compel men to see how far they fall short of the true, the divine ideal of those who are called to be sons of God.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A PERIPATETIC PILGRIMAGE

WHAT THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE IS DOING

"WE have formed a traveling troupe of speakers, with President Lowell as the star performer." So spoke ex-President Taft on February 7 at Boston, at the New England Congress of the League to Enforce Peace. It had been preceded at New York City by an Atlantic Congress. It is being followed by other Congresses in other places:

- A Great Lakes Congress, Chicago, February 10-11.
- A Northern Congress, Minneapolis, February 12-13.
- A Northwestern Congress, Portland, Oregon, February 16-17.
- A Pacific Coast Congress, San Francisco, February 19-20.
- A Mountain Congress, Salt Lake City, February 21-22.
- A Mid-Continent Congress, St. Louis, February 25-26.
- A Southern Congress, Atlanta, February 28-March 1.

Those who have attended the Congresses so far held and who expected to find them dry-as-dust affairs have been agreeably disappointed. They have been full of life, of touch-and-go. They were crowded Congresses—at New York City over 3,800 persons registered their names; at Boston Tremont Temple was not large enough to contain those who came. The attention paid was eloquent of a deeply moved popular spirit.

The object of these Congresses is to stimulate and consolidate American public opinion behind the League of Nations project now taking shape in Paris.

A chief protagonist in spreading abroad the principle of the League of Nations has been the League to Enforce Peace, organized in June, 1915, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, with ex-President Taft at its head. The programme then adopted is as follows:

1. An international court to consider and render judgment on all justiciable issues.
2. A court of conciliation to recommend compromises on all non-justiciable questions.
3. The nations to unite their power to restrain any member of the League that might begin war before submission of the question to these tribunals.
4. A congress of nations to codify international law.

"That is a short and comprehensive platform," affirmed Mr. Taft at New York. "We have thought it wise to increase our hopes and aims by an additional statement, namely, that the court's judgment be enforced by the use of joint economic and military forces and that the League be formed first of the Entente Allies.

Last November, after the signing of the armistice, the League to Enforce

Peace adopted the following platform (which we condense), superseding the proposals adopted at its organization:

There must be formed a League of Free Nations, as universal as possible, the security of each state to rest upon the strength of the whole.

The initiating nucleus of the membership of the League should be the nations associated as belligerents in winning the war.

The League should aim at promoting the liberty, progress, and fair economic opportunity of all nations, and the orderly development of the world.

It should insure peace by eliminating causes of dissension, by deciding controversies by peaceable means, and by uniting the potential force of all the members as a standing menace against any nation that seeks to upset the peace of the world.

The advantages of membership in the League, both economically and from the point of view of security, should be so clear that all nations will desire to be members of it.

For this purpose it is necessary to create for the decision of justiciable questions an impartial tribunal, with provision for enforcing its decisions.

For non-justiciable questions a council of conciliation as mediator.

An administrative organization for the conduct of affairs of common interest.

A representative congress to formulate rules of international law, to inspect the work of the administrative bodies, and to consider any matter affecting the tranquillity of the world. Its deliberations should be public.

An executive body, able to speak with authority in the name of the nation's representatives.

The representation of the different nations to be in proportion to the responsibilities they assume.

A resort to force by any nation to be

prevented by an overwhelming economic and military force.

No member of the League to make any other offensive or defensive treaty of alliance. All other treaties to be made public.

"We have no patent on the idea of a League," remarked Mr. Taft at Boston. "Leagues have been attempted since the days of Henry IV." But President Lowell, of Harvard, added, "We believe that we offer the only solution that can be permanent."

It is objected by opponents of the League of Nations idea that we must surrender nationalism. At New York Mr. Taft rejoined:

I yield to no man in my conception that the advance of the world is to be through the national spirit and through real patriotism. And I have no use for those who would dilute nationalism in order to reach a kind of internationalism which will work no good for anybody. But I regard the strength of universal brotherhood as I do the home and the family, effective for the cultivation and maintenance of real patriotism.

Professor Dabney, of the University of Virginia, called attention to the fact that patriotism has been growing steadily ever since the time when it was narrow and restricted, as in the case of the Greek cities, until now, when the demand upon us is to "cut our way through the Argonne of barbed wire of narrow nationalism in order to create a League of Nations," and he added, "No mere loose League will satisfy humanity."

Again, it is objected that the proposed League is unconstitutional because only Congress has the power to declare war. Mr. Taft at Boston declared:

I don't hesitate to say that this country

has already, through its treaty-making power, created a situation which, under some circumstances, would lead to war. That was done, for instance, when the United States guaranteed the integrity of the Republic of Panama. What could you do but fight if that integrity were assailed?

Men like Rabbi Wise, Frederick R. Coudert, William Church Osborn, Monsignor Lavelle, Herbert S. Houston, Edward A. Filene, President Butler, and others emphasized various features of the necessity for a League of Nations. What was said in the Congresses should convince the conferees in Paris that the rank and file of Americans *do* want a League of Nations.

It would seem that in Washington a campaign is going on, intended to give to our Peace Commissioners and to the Allied nations the contrary impression—indeed, to convey the warning that the United States Senate may not ratify a treaty that puts the United States into a League of Nations. One thing will acquaint our Peace Commissioners with the true state of public feeling here—such an overwhelming expression of opinion that no one can have room to doubt. In particular, the campaign of education which the League to Enforce Peace has started will, we believe, focus such a demand as will be heard with respect by the United States Senate.

Hence we recommend to our readers to put in writing their advocacy of the establishment of a League of Nations, and of the entrance of the United States into it; that all possible signatures to this be obtained and sent to the President of the United States, and particularly to the Senators representing the signer's State.

HEROINES OF THE WAR

SOME THINGS WOMEN HAVE DONE AT THE BATTLE-FRONT

BY HELEN H. HOFFMAN

IT happened during the great counter-offensive last June. She was a slender, mild-mannered young woman of twenty-six. A young ambulance driver, who was returning to the Casualty Clearing Station for more wounded men, noticed her sitting in the shade of an old tree at the crossroads.

He couldn't help but take notice of her, for as the car spun into the hospital road at a great clip she signaled it with her good right arm. Her left arm, about the elbow, wore a red-stained bandage which she had less than half an hour before fashioned from her handkerchief.

"What's appened ye?" queried the young Scotchman, as he eased the car to a standstill.

"A bit of an accident—"

"A bit o' accident!" he mused. "Ye're a plucky un, ye are."

Accustomed as he was to life in this military zone, he knew further question-

ing was unnecessary. Action alone, and not words, was the big thing that counted in this play of life and death that filled the hours of these young carriers of the sick and wounded.

Instinct, quickened by experience, quite naturally moved the young driver to assist the injured girl to the ambulance.

"No, no," she waved him aside protestingly. "I'm all right," she said. "It's the men down the road that I am worrying about. I'm afraid this may kill them. Would you please hurry and fetch them?"

This combination of strength and tenderness, which he had observed before in women out there, always made him feel a bit queer, as when on being faced with an unusual situation one is puzzled for the moment how to meet it.

"It's fine, and all that sort of thing," he had often argued with himself, but always somehow there lurked deep in his

inner consciousness the traditional feeling, inherited from countless forefathers, about young and lovely women being sheltered from such terrible existence as was furnished by war in this great iron-rimmed belt of tragedy.

However, there was no time to dwell on the vast number of by-plays to this world war, or to speculate on the great social changes it had brought; so, again admiring the courage of these young women in the battle zone, but still doubting the advisability of such initiative permitted by the military authorities, he flung a cheery "Right-o, I'll be back for you soon," and climbed aboard his car.

For nearly two years this young woman, wearing the trim gray uniform of an English organization, had been driving an ambulance over these war-strewn roads, carrying the wounded and the dying from advanced dressing stations to hos-

pitals and trains beyond the furies of the battlefield.

While on duty this beautiful summer morning an enemy shell had exploded directly in front of her fast-moving car. The orderly who sat beside her was killed instantly, and the partly wrecked car, with its four badly wounded soldiers, stood a helpless mass by the roadside.

The young driver had been hit by a piece of shrapnel and thrown to the ground. Her back was badly wrenched. But, in spite of the twitching pain, she got up and called a cheery command to the injured men to keep up their courage till she could summon assistance.

She tried to walk, but, owing to the severe injury to her back, she soon discovered that she could not even stand.

It was a bad situation; but did this young woman sit down and cry in agony of pain and throttled effort?

No, she did nothing of the sort. She had seen men die out there, turning brave looks on her, eyes filled with tender gratitude and a calm courage. This was no place for tears. In this great drama where human emotions played back and forth on the shuttle of life she had been schooled to meet all the requirements of her work with the same calm fortitude and quiet good sense that her fighting brothers showed in circumstances equally as desperate a few miles beyond, where shells broke and artillery guns splashed the summer sky with great ugly patches of black smoke.

Being desperate to get aid as soon as possible, with the one idea of saving the injured men, the young driver, casting aside personal consideration, crawled on her hands over the grass-bordered roadway till she came to the crossroads. This effort, she found as she sank helpless to the ground, had taken all the strength that she could summon.

A little later assistance came with the young ambulance driver.

Shortly after, the car came tearing back over the narrow, sandy road, now glistening silver in the sunshine. It slowed down as it approached the suffering young woman. She still held her head high; she smiled encouragement to the chauffeur to hurry with his charges.

"They're all right," he called, reassuringly.

She tried to keep her mind fixed on the beauty of the summer morning. She found it helped to make her forget the throbbing pain of injured flesh and broken bones.

The young Scotchman hurriedly told the story as his own car was being emptied of its wounded. When he returned a little while later to the hospital with the plucky young woman, still smiling, in spite of her great discomfort, the surgeons and hospital attendants greeted her with interest and compliments. Laid on the stretcher, she fainted.

For five months she lay a prisoner of pain and helplessness in the big military hospital. But every day she inquired of the visiting surgeon when she might expect to be returned to duty.

Such was the spirit of young womanhood exhibited throughout this war.

Such also was the wonderful spirit shown by the fighting men.

Truly, as a young Red Cross nurse who had seen much remarked, "There is no sex in heroism!"

When the final history of the greatest of all world wars is given to us, interwoven with the thrilling deeds of heroism on the field will be revealed that radiant light of love that burned in the noble and heroic souls of women.

Moved by many motives to carry on work which placed their health and even their lives in jeopardy, the consuming fire of patriotism blotted out the shadow of fear; their love and devotion to the men who were bearing the brunt of the war found expression in their remarkable courage, in their almost superhuman endurance, in their fine sympathy and resourcefulness.

So, for the first time in history, women, not as individuals, but women as a class, women as part of society, women as part of the government they represent, are to be written into the records of war as a vital part of the huge machinery of Allied defense.

At her office in London, Miss Agnes Conway, Secretary of the Women's Work Sub-Committee of the Imperial War Museum, is at work gathering facts concerning the work of Great Britain's countless war heroines.

The Government is now considering sites for the location of the proposed great building which will house the silent, pictured drama of the war, in trophies of the battlefield, and in a marvelous collection of weapons of warfare used to combat the enemy on earth, in the sea, and in the sky.

I very much doubt if the whole history of woman's enterprise can furnish a finer example to guide and inspire the future generations of women than the heroism, the suffering, and the idealism of twentieth-century womanhood to be pictured in the great Imperial War Museum of England.

Sacrifice of life for national duty and a principle will be told in an interesting collection of more than six hundred and fifty photographs of women who died in service in France, in Serbia, in Belgium, and in dangerous munition work at home.

A number of these courageous women who gave their lives for their country and for world freedom were members of the big British and colonial nursing force in France.

An interesting collection of ribbon and jeweled decorations to be shown in this permanent exhibition of war history voices expressions of gratitude from stricken peoples the world round for relief and service rendered by this army of hard-working women who dared defy the armies of the arch-enemy of peace.

Groups of figures modeled by well-known sculptors will picture the work of women in hospitals, in factories, on farms, and with the reserve army in France, cooking, sewing, repairing, driving cars, answering telephones, keeping books—

everything that proved essential to the work of carrying on the war behind the lines.

A marble bust of Edith Cavell brings one back to the early days of the war, and plans to keep her memory green bring us down to date with Queen Alexandra's interest in a big hospital to be erected in her name.

As this big exhibition will show, women from every corner of the globe rose when the call to service sounded. They volunteered, as their brothers did, by the tens of thousands.

New Zealand, Australia, Canada, India, and Scotland furnished a large number of nurses for hospital work in France and England, and American women whose numbers run into the hundreds rendered incalculable service in the big military hospitals of the Allied armies.

Our own Salvation Army girls matched courage and great physical endurance and sublime cheerfulness with their British sisters in work under fire, day after day and night after night.

Scores of these girls went through the whole American campaign in France, sharing the dangers of artillery and enemy gunfire, to which they were exposed, with the American doughboy and the fearless aviator.

Time and again these girls were located in line of duty between our own artillery fire and the enemy's guns, while Boche planes engaged our aerial patrols overhead in heavy combat. But these young members of the Salvation Army coolly went about their work, giving first aid to the injured or, as the occasion offered, serving hot drinks and sandwiches to the reserves as they moved on up into battle.

These young women, calm in the face of danger, with death striking all about them, made a wonderful record. Did they live a charmed life? It would appear so from the records, for of the 1,065 women members of this big peace army exposed to the deadly dangers in the battle zone only two were hit by pieces of exploding shells. They suffered, however, only slight scratches and small temporary inconvenience. Division commanders frequently referred to them as "the mascots of the Army."

On the Somme, at Château Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne these fearless young women distinguished themselves and won the high commendation of the American Army authorities. It was the demonstrated practical work they did that won them the confidence of the Army commanders, and it was this feeling of confidence in them that caused the military authorities to sanction their work in the farthest advanced positions permitted to women.

Many of the young infantrymen confessed that it was in their minds when they first met these girls to inquire if they were not afraid of being in such a strange place. But always, they said, the girls seemed so natural, going about their work as though they rightfully belonged there, that it left them quite disarmed, and there was nothing left for them to

do but to admire them for the courage they showed and the fine service they were able to render.

"I shall never forget the surprise I got one dark, rainy night," a little gunner told me, "when I came upon a Salvation Army girl distributing freshly baked doughnuts and oranges in the second-line trench. She was the first American woman I had seen in seven months, and it took three doughnuts to convince me that I was not dreaming. Those girls were afraid of nothing. This girl who visited us in the trench that night told us she had come up with a truck-load of supplies sent by the Salvation Army. She stayed only long enough to distribute the goods. The road she traveled out on was being shelled. 'Oh, that's nothing,' she said. 'I am so used to this noise that I suppose I'd be lonely without it.' Some nerve, wasn't it?" added the admiring youth.

In a big French military hospital in Paris all the stretcher-bearers were women—young, strong women of the peasant class.

What proved one of the greatest comforts to the American wounded in the big hospital at Neuilly, organized by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and other American women, was the American nurse.

One boy, returning to consciousness after an operation, smiled with a glow of happiness at hearing the pretty, white-robed young woman at his bedside asking in New York English how he felt.

He kept on smiling. It seemed too good to be true. She looked at him anxiously. Then he slowly explained how he had been several months with the French army. With a note of pathos in his voice, he said, "I'm so tired of talking with my hands!"

In this big hospital, through which thousands of wounded American boys have passed, there were seventy volunteers or nurses' aides, in addition to the eighty-odd trained nurses.

These seventy aides represented young and middle-aged American women who had given up homes of luxury, who had given up lives devoted to social pleasures, who had given up the sweet companionship of old friends and family, to enter the service.

"I hardly thought I should come through it," the daughter of a Chicago millionaire said, as she told me of the first morning she helped the hospital surgeon on his round of the wards, dressing and treating the horrible wounds that war had inflicted. "But I did get through," she said, proudly. "I thought once I should faint, but I realized now much more uncomfortable the poor boy was, and after the first few days I became accustomed to it and only thought of the service I would be able to render."

From almost the first days of the war till its close upwards of two hundred motor-drivers, young volunteer women workers, won decorations and praise from the Belgian and the French armies for their steady, daring service.

They were known as members of the

British First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps. Under the direction of Mrs. Grace McDougall, their ambulances in September, 1914, brought in wounded from trenches round Lierre and from lonely outposts beyond Buchrout.

At Ypres, May, 1915, the "Fannies," as they were nicknamed, ran a motor kitchen for the Seventh Belgian Regiment of artillery. During a heavy gas attack at this point the women of the Corps, the officers of the regiment said, rendered great service.

At Hoogstadt, from July, 1916, to the following January, three motor ambulances operated by these young women were attached to l'Hôpital Militaire Belge, within four miles of the firing line.

At Calais, at St. Omer, at Amiens, at Château Thierry, and at Epernay, Chalons, and Bar-le-Duc, these young women operated ambulance convoys for the French and the British, transporting thousands of wounded men from trains to hospitals and from camps to towns.

The physical discomfort encountered in work of this sort ranks only second to the great danger from shell and bomb to which these young women were exposed. In stormy weather, as well as the bright, cheerful days of summer, these fearless drivers continued to give their time, their money, their strength, without a murmur of complaint. At their rude barracks, where they got only irregular rest and few accommodations that could be said to approach the modern, they laughed over amusing incidents that occurred in their work and ignored the others.

Some idea of the kind of courage displayed by other members of the big army of women during the tense moments of war in the past four years is given in the records of the British War Office.

This represents only a few lines in the telling, but what a thrilling picture it gives of the conduct of women in the war, a challenge to that once mighty power that sat in Berlin, and what a reminder it must bring home to that power of its neglect to reckon on the strength of this other formidable army that sprang into action when the call to arms was sounded!

Incidentally, it may help to throw further light on the heroic part played by women in this war to mention here that more than one thousand women have been awarded the Military Medal and the Order of the British Empire by the British Government for "devotion to duty" and for exhibitions of "conspicuous gallantry and bravery."

Though huge red crosses were painted lengthwise on the low-roofed hospital buildings scattered throughout the war zone, the British war records are filled with instances of their bombing by enemy aviators.

During these raids, which often succeeded in terrorizing the shell-shocked or badly injured patients, the behavior of the nurses was admirable, and invited the army's highest praise. The Government was quick to recognize this value in the nursing sisters, so that scores of them cited for "extraordinary bravery" under

fire wear to-day the badge of courage symbolized by the Military Medal.

This fact would seem to prove anew that courage in women is not a casual quality to be found here and there among so-called superior members of the sex. The conduct of women in the war zones throughout four years of steady employment, under conditions that called for great personal sacrifice and cool courage, leads me to the belief that qualities that make for heroism in women represent the rule rather than the exception.

Cited for bravery and awarded the Military Medal, Staff Nurse Ethel Garrett, a member of Queen Alexandria's Nursing Service, is mentioned in the list of heroines as follows:

"For conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during an enemy air raid. She rendered efficient first aid to a patient who was injured by a bomb, and then fetched a medical officer, although no less than fourteen bombs fell within a radius of sixty to eighty yards of the tent in which her patient was wounded."

The British War Office official report refers to the bravery of nursing sister Winnifred Hawkins, who was given the Military Medal in the following terms: "At D—, August, 1917, during a bombing raid where there were sixty-eight casualties and fourteen deaths at the Casualty Clearing Station, she was on duty in the officers' ward and was struck by two pieces of shrapnel in the thigh. She continued to work and reassure the patients until faint and dizzy, when she collapsed. Her action in remaining on duty throughout the raid, though suffering considerable pain, is worthy of the highest commendation."

"For distinguished services in the field" King George approved the awarding of the Military Medal to a plucky young woman acting as forewoman at one of the big storage centers back of the lines in Flanders. She is Miss Ethel Grace Cartledge, a member of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps. The citation runs: "For gallantry and devotion to duty during an enemy air raid. She was of the greatest assistance in keeping the workers steady. Although both her shoes were blown off during the explosion, forewoman Cartledge continued to carry out her duties after being wounded in the foot by some fallen wreckage."

Lady Dorithie Fielding, of the Monro Motor Ambulance Corps, was given the Military Medal. As a member of the corps attached to the Belgian army, the citation said, "she served with the artillery and attended to the wounded on every occasion of firing, February, 1915, to March, 1916. She has always displayed great coolness under fire, courage and devotion to duty, and an utter contempt of danger, which has been a source of admiration to all."

Miss Jean Strachan White, of the Territorial Force Nursing Service, was cited for "extraordinary bravery" and given the Military Medal. "At B—, August, 1918, she was wounded by splinters of glass caused by a shell exploding

outside of the operating theater," the report read. "She remained at duty and did good work until the patients were evacuated."

Sister Beatrice Alice Allsop, a member of Queen Alexandria's nursing staff, was

given the Military Medal for the cool courage she exhibited and the service she rendered at B—. The citation said: "She was present at the operation theater when it was wrecked by the close explosion of a 15-inch shell, which slightly

wounded her. She remained at work and displayed great courage in continuing to attend to the patients for five hours."

Surely such a record of heroism speaks for itself.

HUNGER IN GERMANY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY

TO what extent was hunger a factor in bringing Germany to accept the armistice? Hunger, not only of the stomach, but of the body generally, that is, the want of clothes, raw materials, and other necessities and necessities of life as well as the want of food?

I have sought the answer to this question wherever I have been in Germany or in country that was Germany the day before the armistice was signed. The following facts and the conclusions derived from them are what I have gleaned from Germans and from foreigners in Germany, and more particularly from a few Americans I have met who have lived in Germany during all or part of the war.

I met an American and his wife in Strasbourg who would gladden the heart of any newspaper man. They had the facts, and—what is almost as important—they knew how to present them in an orderly fashion and with proper emphasis. The following information, of which I got much from those two Americans, is true in large degree of all Germany, but it applies especially to South Germany, the country of the Rhine Valley, and Alsace and Lorraine.

Two important commodities of which Germany has had enough are sugar and coal. The Germans have had lump sugar in their substitute for coffee while Frenchmen and Englishmen have gone without sweetening entirely or have had to use that liquid saccharine or those little white pills which to the sensitive of taste and imagination are worse than nothing. And while even Americans at home have been sitting about feeble radiators in sweaters and blankets the houses of the Germans have been warm. And next to food what is more essential than warmth? The first warm hotel I found in western Europe was in Colmar, Alsace, and I have yet to find a painfully cold hotel in Germany, or in what was Germany before the armistice.

It has been easier for Germans to keep warm out of doors than for Frenchmen, because it has generally been necessary for them to walk. There was a shortage of benzine and petrol, of course, and then all private motoring was forbidden and tires were removed from all private cars and turned over to the state. The first thing that strikes you in German cities to-day is the scarcity of vehicles. Such vehicles as there are go slowly, blocked by the crowds of pedestrians who use the streets as sidewalks or by the loafers assembled to talk politics.

The following list of food prices and regulations was given to me by the above-mentioned American and his wife, who had lived in Strasbourg all through the war, but it is probably quite typical of the conditions throughout southern Germany.

In Strasbourg during the war each person was allowed four hundred grammes¹ of meat a month, two hundred and fifty grammes of sugar, two hundred grammes of butter, sixteen hundred and fifty grammes of bread a week, thirty grammes of grease or oil a week, and one egg a week. There was no milk allowed to healthy men during the last two years of the war, but women, children, old men, and sick persons could get one quarter a liter² of skimmed milk every three days. Whenever there happened to be a little supply of white cheese, vegetables, or fish coming on the market it would be announced beforehand in the papers.

Seven livres of potatoes were allowed to each person each week (a livre is about a pound). A third of a pound of noodles made of black flour was to be had weekly also. Occasionally a little marmalade could be obtained.

The bad potato crop last year hurt Germany a great deal. Not only were potatoes the main item in the diet of the population (either as such or in the disguise of flour), but cooked potatoes were used to feed hogs and chickens. At one time potatoes were as much as sixty pfennigs (about 15 cents) a pound. They are now nine pfennigs a pound in southern Germany, and getting scarcer.

The coffee you get at German restaurants is mostly made from burnt barley or acorns. There is a little real coffee which came from Turkey and which costs thirty-five marks (about \$8.75) a pound. Tea is forty marks (\$10) a pound, and very good. In fact, the best tea I have had in Europe I have had in Germany. It came from Russia. Chocolate is thirty-six marks (\$9) a pound. Pepper is very scarce and costs sixty marks (\$15) a pound. Salt and soda are plentiful and cheap.

The national beverage of Germany cannot be had at all times, by any means, and is always diluted. "To-Day Beer" is a common sign before German cafés, but more common is the notice that beer cannot be had until to-morrow or the day after.

Schnapps costs twenty-five or thirty marks (\$6.25–\$7.50) a liter and Kirschwasser about twice as much. Common home table wine is four and a half to six marks (\$1.12½–\$1.50) a liter. Herrings are a mark (25 cents) apiece, and at that are often rotten. German tobacco is frightful. It usually contains a high percentage of cherry-tree leaves, nut-tree leaves, or cabbage.

Fish is much more plentiful than meat. Bacon and chicken cost sixteen to twenty marks (\$4–\$5) a pound, and a goose will bring about two hundred marks (\$50) the average bird. The staples of German diet for months have been fish, potatoes, and bread. A good deal of the fish caught, however, has been required to make gun-cotton, and the bread eaten generally consists of three ingredients—the sweepings of flour-mills, potato flour, and sawdust. Sawdust is nearly always present in German war bread.

Of course all food has been rationed in Germany, and tickets are necessary for everything. And if any German ate only the quantity allotted to him by law he would die of starvation or of diseases brought on by lack of nourishment. It has been only by breaking the law and smuggling food into their homes from the producers of it that Germans have been able to live at all. "It was necessary to cheat to live," said my American informant in Strasbourg.

The way it was done was as follows: Once every few days some member of the average German town household would go to the country. This in itself was no easy thing to do, for passports and police papers were necessary to go almost anywhere, and the Government was particularly on the watch for illegal commerce between farmers and the citizens of the towns. Very often this food-hunting expedition would be undertaken by the head of the family, for the Government's food controllers were more suspicious of women than of men, particularly in the case of the lower classes. Well, your head of the family would go to a farmer, and would have no trouble in buying food by giving a price considerably above the Government's standard. He would then try to smuggle the food back to his home in a hand-bag or paper package, and this was no easy matter, for at every station were men appointed to watch for food smugglers, and they frequently opened the baggage of incomers. For such smuggling there was a carefully

¹ 500 grammes = ½ kilo = about 1 pound.

² 1 liter = about 1 quart.

graded list of punishments according to the previous record of each particular culprit, and there was a fine of 15,000 marks for a false declaration as to the number of times which a man or woman had been previously convicted of smuggling. Both smugglers and farmers were often punished, but, in spite of this, the illicit trade continued, as the Government must have known it would. The condition of the poorer classes who could not afford to pay fancy prices to farmers may be imagined.

Many of the German farmers grew rich during the war, although the Government tried to control their product carefully. The raisers of wheat, who were called "self-supporting farmers," were not much bothered, but the man whose farm produced a variety of products was always complaining about the agents of the Food Control Administration who visited him each week and announced that they wanted him to deliver such and such a quantity of each article that his farm produced. In some cases they overestimated the potentialities of his farm and he could not provide all they demanded. In more cases he managed to maintain a margin over and above their demands, which surplus products he sold surreptitiously to rich citizens in the manner already indicated. What the farmer delivered to the state was sold at a price determined by the Government. Each cow was expected to give milk enthusiastically, each hen to lay lustily for the Fatherland. A farmer whose cows did not make good the required amount of milk and butter would be punished by being deprived of sugar or something else for which he relied on the state. His excuses fell on deaf ears if he failed to bring in the butter or potatoes which the Food Control men had declared his farm capable of producing. But naturally some of these agents were not above being bribed in butter to make their estimates lower.

As a matter of fact, for the last two years the Germans have been eating milch cows. And when a country comes to that it is in a serious way for food. But such cows as survived to the end of the war in Germany were themselves under-nourished, so much fodder was taken from them for the horses of the army.

Just as scarce as food, and often more so, was and is clothing and other articles of every-day use in Germany. Here again surface appearances are deceptive. When I first drove into a German town, I thought the people looked well enough clad. Then I began to see that the soles of the shoes the Germans were wearing were made of wood, occasionally reinforced with cleats of metal. The tops of the shoes were of paper, and of paper were the shirts, suspenders, and even, in some cases, the socks of the men. Whence do you suppose the natives got the cloth for the flags which welcomed the French into Alsace and Lorraine and which welcomed the German soldiers home? They made those flags from the sheets off their beds. And I have seen more than one German woman keeping herself warm in

an attractive overcoat which she made from her blankets.

Cloth and clothing were rationed just as food was. A certificate was necessary in order to buy any article of clothing. And there were usually long delays before you could get these permits from the municipal authorities. I met a man who told me he had had to wait five months for permission to buy a pair of shoes, and his wife had been kept waiting a year. The war wardrobe of a German male was limited to one every-day suit and one Sunday suit, one overcoat, two dusters or work coats, two waistcoats, two pairs of working trousers or overalls, two aprons, one pair of gloves, six handkerchiefs, three shirts, three undershirts, two nightshirts, three underdrawers, and four pairs of socks. Each German woman was limited to two every-day dresses, one Sunday dress, one skirt, two blouses, one mantle, one fichu, one morning gown, three aprons, one pair of winter gloves, six handkerchiefs, four shirts or shirt-waists, three nightgowns, three drawers, three petticoats, and four pairs of stockings. Men and women were each allowed three pairs of shoes, one pair of slippers, three pillow-covers, two bed sheets, two coverlets, one blanket, three towels, two kitchen towels, and three wash-cloths. To replace any of these articles it was necessary to take an oath that the sartorial maximum was not being exceeded, and the authorities had the right to search both houses and persons if they doubted the oath.

The price of clothing is correspondingly as high as the price of food. Ladies' woolen dress goods are 120 marks (\$30) a meter (about a yard). Cotton dress goods are 18 marks (\$4.50) a meter. A pair of semi-leather shoes costs 60 marks (\$15), and shoes of wood and paper are 20 marks (\$5). A man's suit of ordinary grade, such as formerly cost 120 marks (\$30), now costs 470 marks (\$117.50). All these articles may cost a good deal more, but I have given approximately the prices set by the Government.

Among the things the Germans miss most are soap and rubber. The Government allowed each person fifty grammes (about two ounces) of soap every three months, but not every one could get that much. How the Germans keep as clean as they do is a wonder. In a hotel in Colmar, Alsace, I was charged 4 marks (\$1), for the use of a cake of soap during the twenty-four hours I was in that hotel. When I left, they took the soap and rented it to another guest. In Mayence yesterday, when I tipped the German chambermaid with a 5-mark note (\$1.25) she looked at the money dubiously and then said:

"Won't you take this back and give me a little shaving from your soap instead?"

As to rubber, there is none in Germany. The army trucks have metal-rim tires or combination metal and wood. Boys ride about the streets on bicycles without tires. One of the most convincing proofs of the predicament of the Germans occurred when the party of journalists with which I have been traveling reached Kaiserslautern, in the Bavarian Palati-

nate. We had brought food with us in our motor cars, and we asked the landlord of our hotel to give us a room in which to eat it, since his own menu was very thin.

"Oh, I could not," he said. "If people heard that all that food was in my hotel they would come here and break in and carry it away by force."

Not till we agreed to shut and lock all windows and blinds on the room in which we wanted to eat and to put guards outside could we persuade the landlord to let us eat our own food. And that evening we took all the tires off our cars and put them under a guard to prevent them from being stolen by the inhabitants who prowled about the streets at night like lean wolves.

Surface conditions when you enter Germany are just as deceptive in regard to food as they are in regard to clothing. At the best hotels you can nearly always get enough to eat and at prices which are not much worse than those in France and rather better than those in Belgium. Then at second and third rate restaurants you often find the menu advertising what looks like a filling *table d'hôte*. It is filling, but at such places that is all. The quality of the food is very poor. And only the well-to-do can afford to eat at the best hotels.

Not a few officers of the Allied armies occupying Germany have come out on leave and reported that Germany was not badly off for food. I believe these men have been misled by the fact that they have personally had access to the very best of Germany's food resources. Furthermore, since the end of the war there has undoubtedly been a change for the better in occupied Germany, as I have seen myself, and as I have been told by many officers and soldiers who have seen the same change.

To sum up, the rich German has been inconvenienced, but he has not had much actual suffering on account of the food stringency. But there is no question that the poorer classes have suffered a good deal, especially children and adolescents. There is an unnatural pallor in the faces of German children, and there is an expression there which never was meant to be in the face of any child.

I believe that hunger—that is, hunger not only for food but for clothing, raw materials and other necessities or necessities of life—had a great deal to do with beating Germany. Coupled with this factor was disillusion. The Government lied to the people about the way things were going at the front, it lied to them about the amount of food and other resources which were on hand. When the people learned that the Government was lying about these things, they refused to stand the hardships any longer. Not actual starvation so much as the people's sudden loss of confidence in the Government's ability to provide food, not actual military defeat so much as the people's sudden loss of confidence in the German army, brought about the downfall of the Kaiser and the end of the war.

Wiesbaden, Germany, January 9, 1919.

THE WAGON AND THE STAR

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

ONE of the military leaders in the war is reported to me to have said, within the past fortnight, to a political leader of another nation, "There remains yet to be fought a third battle of the Marne." In other words, the struggle that is to take place at the Peace Conference, as it is called, will have as much to do in determining the victory as the battle that turned the tide at the beginning, and that which turned the tide at the end, of the fighting. The Boche will not be defeated finally unless he is defeated at Versailles.

It is the French who are, of all people, the freest from illusions on this subject. They know the Germans. They have acquired their knowledge painfully through generations. They are outnumbered by the Germans two to one, and they are the Germans' next-door neighbors. They are the world's best watchmen against the Germans' designs. They do not think of the Kaiser; they do not think even of Germany; they think of the individual Germans who jointly have done this thing that the world has got to repair. Said a Frenchwoman to me recently, "The German Republic is a comedy. The Boche is always the Boche. If we did not think of our soldiers, we would regret the end of the war."

And that is not only the view of the French. It was only a day before that a young American officer said much the same thing to me. He had been in perhaps the hardest fighting the Americans have seen. He had been first in a region which even now, square mile upon square mile, remains a veritable dead inferno. Then he had been in an advance that had won its objectives only at fearful loss. And, finally, he had been where the artillery barrage is reported to have been the most tremendous of the war. And this man, who, like every other sane man that has been in the midst of this fighting, loathes war itself and is eager to go home, said: "It is horrible to say it, but I am beginning to be afraid that the war ended too soon."

There will be reason to regret the end of the war—to use the Frenchwoman's phrase; there will be reason to fear that the war has ended too soon—to use the American officer's phrase; unless the statesmen of the Allied countries finish here what the armies of the Allies had to leave incomplete.

One who is here in Paris after the end of the fighting but before the attainment of victory, and who thoughtfully observes the current of affairs, cannot be without some concern.

Most obvious of the causes for concern is of course the relaxation of the nervous tension following the order, "Cease firing." The spirits of men have sagged. And the natural reaction from a period of combat has been increased by the weather. That seems a trivial matter to

speak of; but human beings are human, and the rainy December, with its gray skies and its mud and its drizzle when it hasn't rained, has affected the spirits of people and their efficiency. But what affects their spirits more than any physical environment is the constant sense of living in an interregnum. It is neither the rule of war nor the rule of peace. The stimulus of war is gone, but the restrictions of war remain. It is not surprising that under the circumstances the spirits of people sag. And yet this is a time for alertness and watchfulness. There has been no more critical period in the war, and it comes upon people whose attention is relaxed, whose nervous energy is diminished, and whose spiritual forces are reduced. This, however, is probably only a temporary phase, and may pass.

Another and more valid cause for concern is the inevitable change in leadership that came with the armistice. Up to that time the men who were really leading the nations were the men who were in the midst of the combat. The political leaders, of course, determined momentous questions and exercised vast authority, but they could not control the struggle itself. The *poilu*, the Tommy, the doughboy in the trench, had the real control of the war, and, with their commanders, had it within their power to decide whether the price of victory should be paid or not. We know what the answer has been. They paid the price to the full. But the victory which they purchased has not yet been delivered. Now what has given at least one observer some concern is the fact that the men who are going to decide whether that victory is to be delivered or not are not the men who have paid the price. The price was paid by the soldier; the victory remains to be secured by the politician. And the concern that I express is commonly felt here. The French have most reason for concern because they are nearest to the danger. France has been the bulwark on the land against the Germans. Is the power of Germany going to be left in such a state that it can grow strong and force France to interpose herself again? The English, too, have cause for concern. England has been the bulwark on the sea. Is her bulwark to be weakened? Then there are the men who have come over here from our own country to put an end to the spirit of arrogance and domination that not only laid an incredible territory here in ruin and tried to enslave the sea, but even reached across the sea and created sedition and disloyalty among our fellow-countrymen.

Those Americans by the hundreds of thousands, in their olive-drab uniform that adds a new color to the streets of hundreds of French hamlets, came here to offer their lives to quench that spirit of evil in the Germans. Is their task to be left unfinished? This is a question

which is in the minds of the people over here who have been paying the price of victory, and they are not the ones who are going to give the answer; that will be given by the politicians.

The longer the answer is delayed, the more chance there is for the chief question of the securing of victory over Germany to be obscured by lesser ones. Every national interest involved in this Peace Conference has its representatives here. Every nation, our own included, has its point of view and wishes it to be considered. Then there is the question of the League of Nations, which is, in brief, the question of what to do in order to prevent in the future some other nation from doing what Germany has done. Now all these questions are secondary questions. They were secondary questions when the Germans were pouring through Belgium. They were secondary questions when the Germans were on the Marne. They were secondary questions when our own boys were going over the top at Château Thierry and the St. Mihiel salient and in the Argonne and along the Hindenburg Line. They are secondary questions still, and will remain secondary questions until the supreme question is settled—and that is the question of victory. So long as the Germans can say, as they said the other day through their official representative, that they will accept terms only on the basis of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, they are not beaten. That is not unconditional surrender. They will be beaten only when they are ready to admit that their whole proceeding was a colossal failure from beginning to end, and they acknowledge that in retribution they submit to any terms dictated to them.

Already this simple and apparently obvious question seems to be obscured. There is a great deal of learning here about the frontiers and the racial divisions of Europe; there is much said in the newspapers at least about one form or another of the prospective League of Nations; but is there the simple-minded, broad statesmanship that can see the fundamental problem of victory and attack it till it is solved?

That statesmanship, when it shows itself, will have to deal (or will have to prove that it has already dealt) with two great groups. This, at least, is the way it appears to me in these preliminary days. Of course it will have to deal with the perplexities of the demands (many of them perhaps just demands) of a great many small groups; but the task of dealing with these can be postponed. What the statesmanship of this Conference will have to deal with primarily is the two parties that have already begun to range themselves in opposition to each other. Of course I am not referring to the ranging of the parties in the Peace Conference itself so much as the ranging of the

forces that will influence the Conference and determine its course. On the one side will be those who emphasize the realities of the present situation. On the other side will be those who will emphasize the ideas of the situation that ought to be created.

Emerson stated the task of the Conference when he gave the advice: "Hitch your wagon to a star." It will be the task of both these parties here to hitch the wagon of the present situation to the star of the future ideal. One of these parties is the party of the wagon, the other the party of the star. One is the party of the earth (to use the term first invented, I believe, by William Garrott Brown in dealing with American politics), the other the party of the air. One is the party of the real, the other the party of the ideal.

As a matter of fact, all men in a measure belong to both parties. We are all partly realist and partly idealist, and the struggle that is going to take place in the Peace Conference is the counterpart of the struggle that is going to take place—is now taking place—within every honest, thoughtful member of it.

For the most part the French are, I think, predominantly realists. I have stated the reason for that—the nearness of France to the realities. It is their land that the Germans have ravaged; it is their homes that the Germans have destroyed; it is their frontier that borders the country of the Hun. And if Bolshevism spreads and anarchy brings ruin upon what despotism could not destroy, it is the people of France, among the living Allied nations, who will probably have to be the first to suffer. Now when I say that the French have their thoughts fixed on reality, I do not mean that they subscribe to what the Boche calls *Realpolitik*. I mean, rather, that they think, and have to think, first of all, in terms of fact. In the hitching process the French, unless I have made a great error in my observations, are going to keep their hands firmly on the wagon.

It is for this reason that Clemenceau is a great leader for this time. He embodies this French view. He is not the man to be misled by illusions. He does not rely on a phrase just because it sounds beautiful. He is in politics what Foch is in military action. I have been told that Foch once likened a good general to the sagacious parrot, which never loosens his grip on the bars of his cage with one claw until he has a grip with the other. That is the way Clemenceau moves; and that is the way the French want him to move. The French have the Germans out of their country now; before they undertake to discuss anything else they want the Germans to know that they are out and that they will have to stay out. And if any of my readers have seen half of what I have seen of the desolation that the Germans have made in France, they will agree with the French, and they will be heartily glad that there is going to be in the Peace Conference as forceful a figure as Clemenceau with his sense of reality.

On the other hand, the Americans are

reported to belong among the idealists. This is perhaps to be expected. Among all the nations that had a major part in the war (counting Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa as parts of Britain, as they were in respect of their attitude toward the war), America was the farthest from the center of the conflict. And America came in late and has been spared the fearful price that France and Britain have paid. It is perhaps natural enough, then, that we Americans should have our minds set on plans for the future, rather than the facts of the present; that we should be idealists, somewhat indifferent to the wagon but intent on the star.

As a matter of fact, however, the personnel of the American delegates seems to count for little in estimating America's place. That seems to be determined solely by President Wilson. Americans are counted in the idealist group because President Wilson has come over here as the great advocate of idealism. As such he has been acclaimed in France, Great Britain, and Italy. The people who have been living under the thunder and in the darkness of war have seemed to look upon him as the one to lead them into a golden age of quietude and sunlight. In the very vagueness of his language they have found pleasure, for it has allowed play for their fancy. This has made possible what otherwise would be inexplicable—that syndicalists should march along the streets of Paris, as I have seen them march, shouting "*Vive Wilson!*" while the object of their devotion was being entertained in a princely palace and was the recipient of the hospitality of kings. There is no question that President Wilson has placed himself at the head of the party of idealism.

Where do the British stand? I cannot answer. If I were to trust to the conversations I have had with many people of England and Scotland, I should be tempted to answer that they were all pure idealists. The admiration for President Wilson among the people of all classes in Great Britain is unconcealed, and that is the more impressive because it is not the British habit to exhibit enthusiasm. Yet I noticed that whenever I mentioned any one of several specific questions pertaining to Britain's security as an empire (or, better, commonwealth) I evoked expressions which showed that under all this idealism there was a sturdy British sense of reality.

Corresponding to this combination of idealism and realism in British opinion is the combination of idealism and realism in the career of Lloyd George. It will be hard to assign him to one party or the other.

As to the Italians I have no present knowledge. If Italian history in this war is any criterion, there will be idealism at the Conference in the Italian group; if Italian diplomacy keeps its traits, there will be no lack of realism.

My opinion, formed after conversation with many people, on many occasions, is that the attitude of all the delegations

will be realistic enough when they are dealing with the separate interests of their several nations. The vital question is to what extent they will face the facts, keep their hold on the wagon when they deal with their joint interests.

What are these joint interests? They may be stated in two words: "Germany" and "Russia."

The interest of the nations in Germany is the interest of the public in criminals. It is the interest in seeing that the law is enforced; it is the interest in seeing that the violation of law is visited with a just penalty. This is something different from requiring of the criminal that he make good the losses he has inflicted on his victims. In most cases—and certainly in the case of Germany—the damage done cannot be wholly repaired. Neither Germany nor anybody else can make the ruined monuments of mediæval art what they once were or give back the lives sacrificed. But even if Germany could make full reparation (and she must make reparation as completely as it is possible to make it), that would not be penalty, but civil damages. If simply damages to the extent of Germany's ability to pay are exacted, then the Germans will have some reason to regard the war as a business transaction in which they got perhaps the worst of the bargain. What it is to the joint interest of the nations to exact from Germany is a penalty such as will enable the Germans to see their attack upon their neighbors as an act of brigandage which has earned for them the world's moral reprobation.

Up to the present the Germans have no conception of the war other than as a business transaction, and they are not sure that they have not got the better of the bargain. I was told within a day or two by one who had it from an eye-witness just returned from Berlin (where he had been in an official capacity) that the returning German soldiers marched through the German capital bedecked with flowers and were acclaimed as unbeaten. Nothing that the Germans have undergone disproves to them the claim made on their behalf that they fought a defensive war to victory, that they kept their land unscathed by fighting on the soil of their enemies, and that the outcome has justified their action in striking first, and striking without regard to rules or laws or treaties or the dictates of humanity.

It is to the joint interest of the free nations to prove to the Germans that what they have done in violation of law they have not done with impunity.

The interest of the nations in Russia is, first of all, the interest of the public in seeing that even if the criminal is punished and is forced to pay damages he shall not reap a fabulously rich reward for his crime. It is the interest in seeing that new victims do not fall into the criminal's hands, that the law, even though vindicated, be not mocked by a new enterprise in crime.

Russia is the Germans' new victim; it is their opportunity to recoup themselves

for any and all conceivable damages they may have to pay and to gain new booty through their intrigue and their brigandage. It is even more than that. It is the opportunity for the Germans to carry out their ambitions of world domination.

These two problems, "Germany" and "Russia," or rather two aspects of the same problem both of which are named "Germany," constitute the wagon that the Peace Conference (or, as I prefer to call it, the Inter-Allied Conference on Justice) may, and it is hoped will, hitch to a star. But—and this is the important thing—there is no use in trying to hitch the wagon to a star if you let the wagon roll away from you. And while people's eyes are altogether fixed on the star, or their hands are busy with collecting material with which to make the wagon a bigger or better wagon, there is a real danger that the Hun will get away with the wagon itself. Then of what use are the star of the League of Nations and all the plans of making the wagon better by carving out for it a number of small nationalities?

In the process of diverting the attention of the guards from the wagon to the star too exclusively and of removing the wagon itself, the Boches have allies, most of them unconscious allies, among the very people who are interested in the hitching process. These allies are the extremists of both parties.

There are, first, the extremists among the party of the wagon, the extreme realists. These are the reactionaries—those who want everything to be just as it was before the war. These are the people who say, "There's no use in trying to hitch a wagon to a star. The wagon can take care of itself, so we had better let the wagon go." They say: "The war is won; fix up a treaty, and let us get back to business." They may have been patriotic in their services and sacrifices through the war; but they want to build up trade again, so they argue for ameliorating the terms that are to be offered to Germany in order that Germany may be able to give them and others profitable business. They ask, What affair of ours is it if the Russians make ducks and drakes of their own government? They suggest that it may be best for the Russians to stew in their own juice. They point out that history has a way of repeating itself, and that that is what history is doing now, and say that it had better be left alone. They are the remaining Tories of the era. They do not see that the old order has changed, and that nations can no longer live unto themselves. They think that the world can settle back into its former place.

In contrast—but, as we shall see, not opposed—to these are the extremists among the party of the star, the extreme idealists. These are the doctrinaires, those who want everything after the war to start afresh. These are the people who say: "There's no use in trying to attach a star to a wagon; if we are going to hitch something to a star, let us get something starlike. We had better let the

wagon go." They say: "The war has proved there is nothing good in the old order, so don't try to tinker it." They may have done what they regarded as their bit in the war and have had their share of its sacrifices; but they think that all who were engaged in the war were, after all, tarred with the same stick; so they would favor ameliorating the terms that are to be offered to Germany in order that Germany may be brought again soon into the circle of nations and contribute her ideas. They ask, What right have other people to interfere in the struggle of the Russians to the light even if they make ducks and drakes of their own government in the process? They suggest that it may be best for the Russians to work out their own salvation, and that it is likely to be a better salvation than anybody else can give them. They say that some day the nations may organize peace, and that to interfere now with any disturbance would be to use so imperfect an instrument that the great task of organizing peace would be botched. They are the visionaries of the era. They regard the world as not merely changed, but made new. They regard it as a lack of faith to suggest retaining anything of the past.

It is plain to see that, though these two sets of extremists argue from contrary premises, they reach the same conclusions. The Tories, the reactionaries, the militarists (if there are any left), the money-worshipers, do not believe in the star, so they oppose hitching their wagon to it. On the other hand, the visionaries, the doctrinaires, the radical Socialists, the Bolsheviks, or near-Bolsheviks, do not believe in the wagon, so they oppose hitching it to their star. So, from quite opposite reasons, both sets of extremists say, "Drop the harness."

This of course is just what the Germans want—to have the harness dropped. They do not want the present situation actually fastened to any ideal of law and order. Disorder in Russia is playing into their hands. It has been fostered by the Germans, and the extreme Pan-Germanists relish it now. An American now in Paris told me that a few months ago he saw Prussian officers active in propagating Bolshevism, and later, in Moscow, saw among the dead in the streets the bodies of Prussian officers who had been leading the Bolsheviks. That was last year. It is the same now. At a conference recently held at Leipsic, under the summons of the German High Command and with the assistance of the Pan-Germanists, one of the speakers said (according to a despatch from Copenhagen of January 7):

The only thing our enemies dread is Bolshevism. Bolshevism is therefore our ally. . . . To foster it is to adopt the only way of annulling the victory of the Entente and to avoid the ruin of Prussia.

The Germans are entirely frank about it. They do not want Bolshevism in Germany, and are fighting against it. They regard it (to use the phrase of the speaker I have just quoted) as "only an article of export!" They have employed

it as a power to destroy the only people in Russia who can stand in the way of German control over the resources of Russia, for they see that if once they can control Russia they can control the world. With what joy, therefore, must the Germans hear the arguments of the extreme realists and the extreme idealists in the countries of the Allies, both groups of extremists deprecating severe terms for Germany and opposing any effective intervention in Russia to resist Bolshevism?

In later correspondence from Paris I hope to indicate the significance of Bolshevism in the problem of this Conference for Justice. Even if there were no articles of peace to be signed, even if there were not yet to be determined the end of the most colossal war of all time, yet Bolshevism alone (if we can isolate it for a moment in our thoughts from the war) would warrant the calling of such a conference of the nations as this. As a menace to civilization Bolshevism is comparable to the ancient Hun, the mediæval Turk, and the Hun of to-day. It is an epidemic which requires both quarantine and remedy. It is an outbreak of daimonism which, unlike that of the Gadarenes, does not choke them that are possessed, but rather imparts through their throats new devils for the possession of others. It is defeat rousing itself to snatch the spoils of victory. It is the degenerate offspring of liberty intent on matricide. It is anarchy, the rightful heir and successor of despotism, using its sire's scepter and sword.

At this time, when there yet remains a third battle of the Marne to be fought, when the victory has yet to be wrested from the Germans allied with Bolshevism, the real danger is not from the extreme realists, but from the extreme idealists. Among the nations and peoples of the world the Tories, the militarists, the reactionaries, are discredited. They are under suspicion. The Germans, as the master militarists, the master reactionaries, have by their four years of brigandage brought the whole tribe into disrepute. But, on the other hand, the idealist extremists are more active than ever. The very idea of peace has given new life to pacificism. The very idea of a League of Nations has created a state of mind more receptive to doctrines of anti-patriotic internationalism. In particular, the radicals and Socialists have gathered from the vocabulary of the idealists words and phrases which they use in the effort to show that the whole object of the war, particularly as set forth by President Wilson, has been to promote their kind of internationalism and pacificism. These extreme idealists are undoubtedly a small minority; they have suffered severe reverses at the general election in Great Britain and in the vote in the French Chamber of Deputies; but they are organized and vociferous. We know how they vote solidly in America, and therefore give their doctrine a weight out of proportion to their numbers. It is significant that here in France the faction, of which M. Léon Bourgeois may be called the chief spokesman, which is most urgent

in advocating the League of Nations is also most emphatic in its denunciation of taking action to defend the world against Bolshevism. This of course is no proof that the proposal of a League of Nations is in the interest of the Bolsheviki, and therefore of the Germans; but it is an illustration of the fact that the idealistic formulas that are now in vogue can be, and are, used in advocating the course that will ease the Germans and give the Bolsheviki free rein.

At this crisis America is essential. Americans are naturally idealists. They proved themselves to be such in entering the war. Over here the American soldiers have shown by their almost fanatical bravery, by their impetuosity in attack, by their unflagging spirit, the traits that characterize armies that fight for ideas and ideals. And now that the work of peace is under way, America is needed as much as ever, and American idealism will show itself in the Peace Conference as it showed itself in the fighting. But America's idealism must not be allowed to take the form that will tend to delay and inaction. America must not let the effort to get the perfect result prevent the getting of any result at all. America must not let the attempt to get a perfect result even interfere in getting the result that is needed now.

Germany is pushed back to her own territory on her western frontier, but on her eastern frontier she is finding the gate opened for new conquest and power. She is recuperating already. Her armies are in being. As a correspondent in Holland for a French newspaper puts it, while the German Republic is demobilizing with one hand she is recruiting with the other, "and the right hand is not unaware of what the left hand is doing." And what is more, her forces for commercial and

economic exploitation are reorganizing. And with every day that passes Russia becomes more and more enfeebled, more and more incapable of resisting German domination. And with every day that passes the peoples of the Entente nations become more and more impatient to return to the ways of peace. It is harder to-day than it was yesterday to mobilize the forces that will prevent Germany and Russia from becoming together under German control a greater menace to the rest of the world than ever. American common sense should assert itself and insist that plans for future world organization should not be allowed to interfere with making Germany realize her military defeat and making it impossible for her to win in the east the domination she first sought in the west.

It is now that action needs to be taken—not next summer. It is now, before our Army is demobilized, that volunteers can be secured for such service in Russia as may be needed. That service can be rendered only by volunteers, and there will be enough if they are called for now. In all the armies of the Allies there are men without ties at home who would willingly go to help the Russian people regain their liberties against a tyranny that is made more terrible by anarchy, and to protect America and all other free countries against the power that that partnership between tyranny and anarchy is putting into the hands of Germany. And it is now, before commercial interests naturally eager for resumption of trade grow more influential, now before pro-German propaganda gains a new start, now while righteous indignation against the fiendish deeds of the Hun is unquenched, that measures should be taken to bring Germany, and in particular her guilty leaders, before the bar of justice for the reckon-

ing. There should be no delay. Justice must be prompt.

Americans should let their opinions be known here in Paris. They can do this through Congress. In particular, they can write and telegraph to their Senators. They should say to the Senate that the victory which their sons and brothers fought for should be obtained. They should insist that nothing be allowed to stand in the way of that victory. Let America demand of the Conference here that in respect to Germany and Russia it act promptly and that it find for itself what the Allied armies secured—unity.

There is only one way by which unity can be secured, and that is by such leadership as will enable the Conference to hold fast to reality while reaching for the ideal. It was this power to bring ideals into the company of facts that made Theodore Roosevelt the leader of his generation. And in particular during the last four years of his life he brought idealism and reality close together. In all his preaching of the idealism of this war he never concealed from his hearers war's sternest realities. In his direction of public opinion he set forth as equally essential in this war a high purpose and a strong arm. And again he made clear that neither without the other would avail. In no period of the war have we needed such leadership more than we need it now. America needs men who will say: We believe in international action for the maintenance of international law and order, and we will show our faith by our works.

America's faith in the star is unquestioned. That is all the more reason why her voice will be heard if she says to the nations: The wagon that we have now—Germany and Russia—is the wagon we should first hitch to our star.

Paris, France, January 10, 1919.

MAKING YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

BY EDWARD H. PFEIFFER¹

DO you know the pride which a self-made man exhales every moment? It is the healthy pride of having earned his way. After years of charity, uplift, and philanthropy, communities have also begun to feel a desire to be self-made. Every hamlet, every city, has its weak spots, its ailments, its corruptions, its fears, and its shames. Each also has an overbalancing wealth of red blood, strength, courage, and just pride. The Americans who comprise these communities, aroused, are only too eager to match their health against their sickness, their strength against their weakness, their courage against their fears, their pride against their shame. To a man they want to be self-made, to earn their own way to salvation. They have found the means.

How shall Thomas Williamson fight

the white plague? How shall Rebecca Isaacs secure proper schools for her children? How shall Antonio Rocco find protection in a land whose tongue is strange? How shall the army of common citizens drive from their city vice and graft? How shall they make their neighborhoods fit places wherein to rear future generations? How shall Americans, who have made a world safe for democracy, make their neighborhoods safe for democracy at home?

A vote once a year does not make a man free. It is more likely to enslave him if he places it, because of ignorance or indifference, at the disposal of the district political boss. Popular franchise is a key to liberty; but it must be fitted to the lock of the right door. When every man and woman votes intelligently, after having during the entire year critically watched government and participated in government (if only to guard the rights of neighbors on the block), then will gov-

ernment of the people, for the people, and by the people actually be attained. Then democracy will be ready to begin its greater work.

One day not long ago it suddenly dawned upon the chronic kickers against "the government" that they themselves were the government; that reeking slums, lack of playgrounds, inefficient schools, armies of unemployed, ravages by disease and vice, are chargeable to their own neglect.

The neighbors were not on the job.

How was the mayor of a metropolis to know always at once that a certain few blocks had no recreation facilities? How was the health commissioner of a large city to remember in the thousand problems of the day every house on every street where filthy conditions menaced public health? Inspectors find much to report for remedy. They do not find everything. Much is lost in the shuffle of

¹The author was General Manager of the Chelsea Neighborhood Association, New York City, 1914-18, and was Chairman of the Federated Neighborhood Associations, 1917.—THE EDITORS.

detail. All that they recommend is not immediately done. The inspector forgets, the commissioner forgets, the mayor never knows. But who never forgets, always knows?

The neighbors.

Everything that goes wrong on a block the neighbors know about. Everything that menaces safety, health, decency, and comfort is under their very nose. "Isn't all this the business of the government?" they ask one another. "What a rotten government to neglect us!" they growl. Then Citizen Fix-It reports some nuisance to the proper authorities. The government, that huge mystery, arrives on the scene in the form of a uniformed public servant, very human, just a neighbor himself, and causes the nuisance to be abated. Wonderful! A plain man has made government take notice!

"Why not do it again?" ask the citizens.

"Why not do it always?" answers common sense.

The seed of the neighborhood association is planted, stirs.

Taking the mystery out of government, making every neighbor realize that government is nothing except the neighbors trying to make themselves clean, comfortable, safe, and happy, is a liberal education for the millions. When every citizen has learned this little lesson, taken it to heart, and applied it by helping to improve his own block, such mysterious things as "civic pride," "social responsibility," and "real democracy" are born.

A committee of neighbors seeking a new playground learns quickly what a park commissioner's business is, what officials grant funds for the purchase of the land or equipment. A father of a family living in an unclean tenement soon learns whether his complaint should be sent to the health or tenement-house department. Securing an employment certificate for a child about to go to work teaches many a parent that health and education are inseparably linked.

Neighbors seeking improvements for their district soon form opinions, founded on fact, concerning government officials. They know who makes promises but fails to keep them; who talks of being "a servant of the people" before election and is inaccessible or arrogant when the people bring him a job to do. They learn who is their true friend; who explains the difficulties of a situation yet strives to help the neighbors in their just requests; who has the courage to show them frankly when their suggestion, though good for their neighborhood, would not bring about good results for the city as a whole.

The neighbors want a new school. They need one. But funds are limited; another section of the city is in greater need. Statistics prove it. The neighbors' viewpoint is broadened. They begin to realize why a city official cannot always give them what they want—that he has big problems to face. They perhaps will exercise more care in placing these problems

in the hands of the most efficient men when the time to vote once more arrives.

This humanizing of government, this popularization of public business, offers a fair means whereby every citizen may check up the work of public servants at the same time that he learns his own responsibility in the community's welfare, his opportunity to serve the rest of the folks.

There is another side; the government official also gains by the awakening of the popular civic conscience. The residents, the business men, the property-owners, the men and women in the daily whirl of life, all rich with varied experience and specialized knowledge, bring to bear upon problems of public welfare a helpful insight and sympathy. They often see much that the official himself does not see. From critics and carpers they become advisers and constructionists. The official begins to feel that he is not cramming government down the throats of a community, but that he is working with his fellows in a friendly, intelligent way. They make it worth while to govern well, they appreciate, they co-operate. He is not alone on the height, viewing chaos and strife. He is the general of an army, not a tool.

For, after all, it is the neighbors who know what they need better than the investigator or the inspector who spends an hour or a week or a year studying a problem. The neighbors know the local situation better than a stranger ever can. True, sometimes technical knowledge is needed for the proper solution of a neighborhood problem; but there are neighborhood engineers, architects, physicians, educators, scientists, business men. No one has yet sounded to the depths the resources of a community alert to the true meaning of popular government.

Demos is aroused, alert, eager. To utilize this interest, this potential power, the neighbors must organize. In village, town, city, metropolis, the neighborhood association's flexible form of community team-work offers democracy its next opportunity. The organization meeting of a neighborhood association is probably called at the home of a well-known citizen. Business men, members of local school boards, civic workers, property-owners, clergymen, and other men and women representing the neighborhood's various groups and interest gather and discuss. The first group is strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan, thus at once manifestly establishing the association's basic principle. Discussion naturally centers around the neighborhood's most pressing needs. Health, housing, recreation, employment, immigration, public safety, and schools are the names of the usual standing committees, and show the scope of the work before the folks.

A neighborhood association is dedicated to constructive, not destructive, work. It stamps from the outset in the minds of the neighbors that it exists, not to "reform," but to promote. It is for playgrounds, for good schools, for clean

houses, for well-paved streets, for healthy children; not *against* liquor, vice, gangs, disease, and filth. It is a practical example in building up; in constructive, aggressive, day-in-and-day-out optimism.

Large and fertile is the field open for the neighborhood association's work. Each neighborhood is a city in little. The problems confronting its members, committees, directors, and general manager are as varied as those confronting the mayor. This voluntary organization, at present supported by the annual dues of its membership, finds no matter too large or too small for its attention, provided it bears on the common welfare. The needs of the residents, of the business men, of the property-owners, differ widely, yet all demand the association's attention. Real estate conditions and civic and social problems subtly intertwine. A section, for instance, whose private houses are deteriorating will soon find them occupied at reduced rentals by those who cater to vice and disorder. Business concerns are mightily interested in clean, well-paved streets, in well-lighted thoroughfares. The former facilitate traffic and the receipt and shipment of merchandise; the latter assure protection to employees returning from work. Playgrounds will often keep at baseball hands which, idle, are shrewd at thievery. Merchants and manufacturers are often the victims.

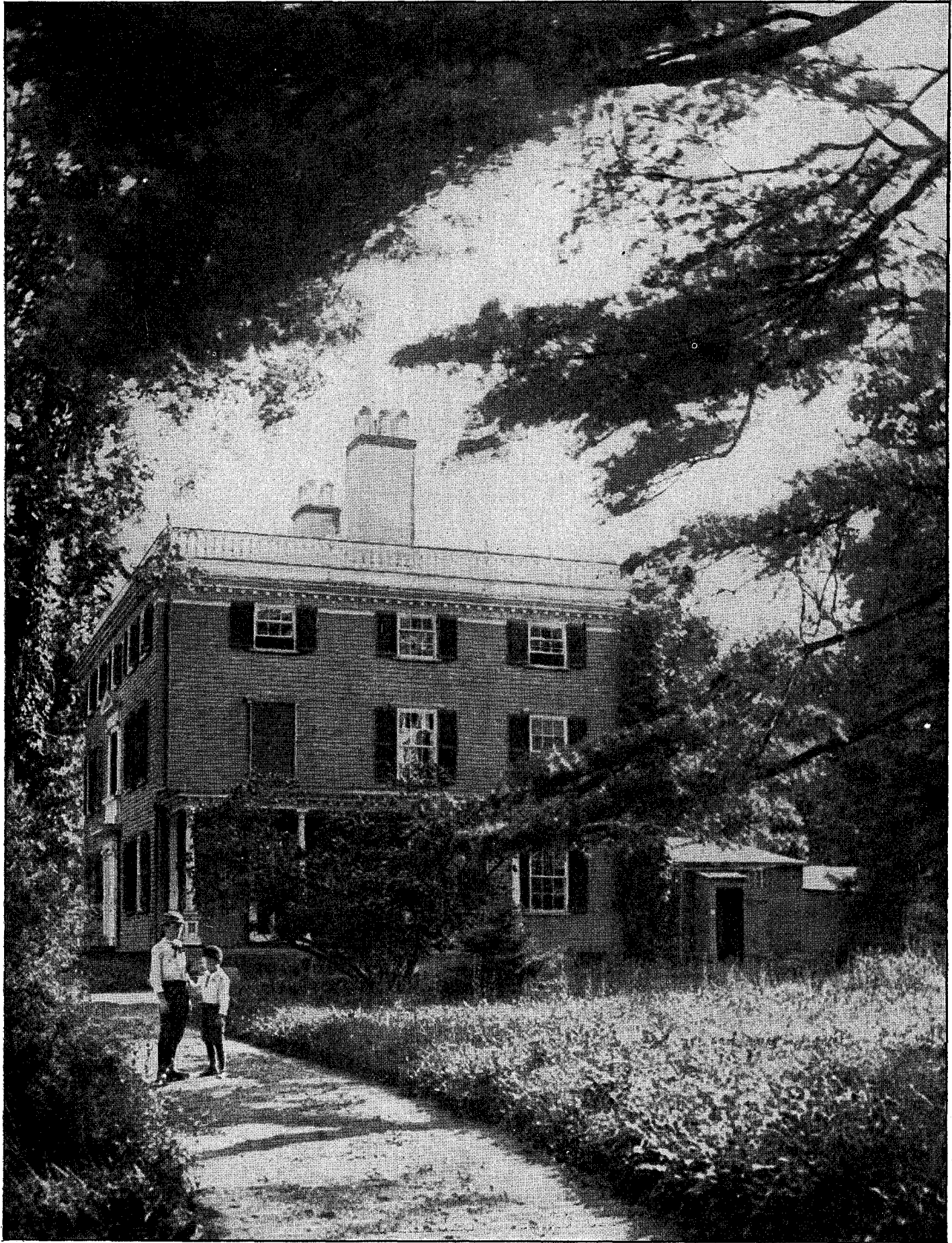
Significant in the development of the neighborhood association idea is the recent organization of the Federated Neighborhood Associations, a union and clearing-house to promote the movement throughout the United States. This federation will give form and continuity to the movement, and formulate comprehensive plans for rallying an ever-increasing group of citizens to the new democracy.

Important as the several activities of neighborhood associations may be in themselves as beneficial factors in the community life, the movement is to have a much larger influence upon American democracy than the mere solution of incidental civic and social problems, if the dream of those who are building its future comes true.

The movement, it is hoped, will eventually give an entirely new turn to the Nation's governmental system. It will have educated the neighbors to an habitual consideration and study of the problems of practical government. Yes, more; it will have educated them to a habit of active participation in the work of daily government. Such citizens will not rest content while party politics direct the destiny of their living together. They will devise a system whereby only those eminently fitted for public service will sit in the legislature, in the executive chamber, in the city hall, in the offices of governmental bureaus and departments.

It is all a matter of awakened interest, of a realization by the man on the street of the power within himself for constructive work, for defeating the bugaboos that frightened and foiled his forefathers and that threaten his children.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Underwood & Underwood

"ELMWOOD," THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH OCCURS THIS WEEK James Russell Lowell was born in this fine old mansion, called Elmwood, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. Distinguished as man of letters, poet, and diplomat, his career was full of honors and of worthy achievement. He died in 1891, at Elmwood, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near the grave of his lifelong friend, Longfellow. An editorial about Lowell appears on another page



American Red Cross Official, (C) Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

AN AMERICAN OUTPOST GUARD ON THE ARCHANGEL FRONT, IN NORTHERN RUSSIA

In this bleak and bitterly cold country war is still being waged, Allied forces fighting the Bolsheviks to restore order and real freedom in Russia

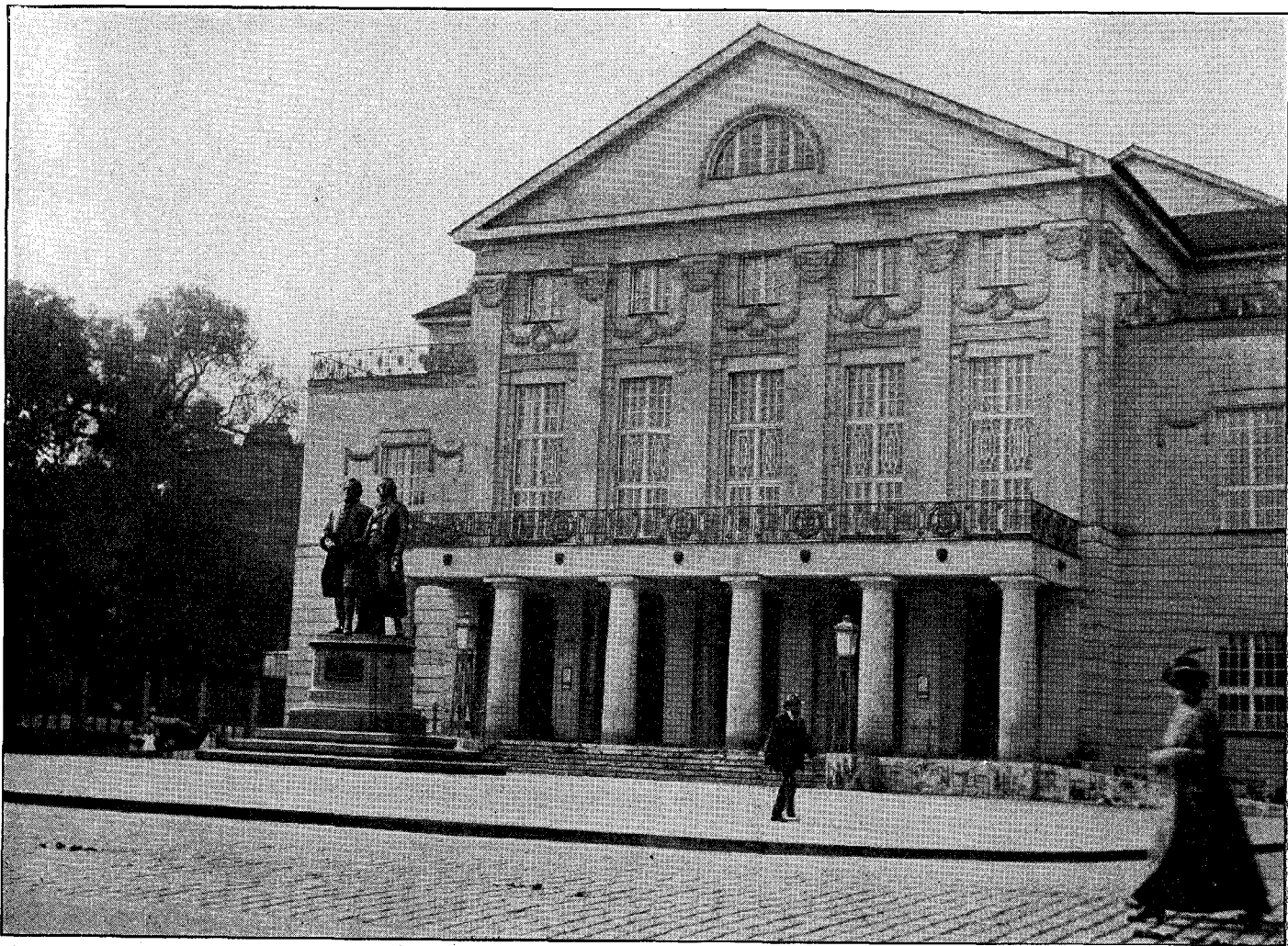


Committee on Public Information, from Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

AMERICAN TROOPS ENTERING THE CITY OF FIUME, ON THE ADRIATIC SEA

With Italian troops, our forces marched into this Austrian city when it was formally occupied in the name of the Allied Nations

AMERICAN TROOPS ABROAD—IN RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA



THE COURT THEATER AT WEIMAR, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE GERMAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

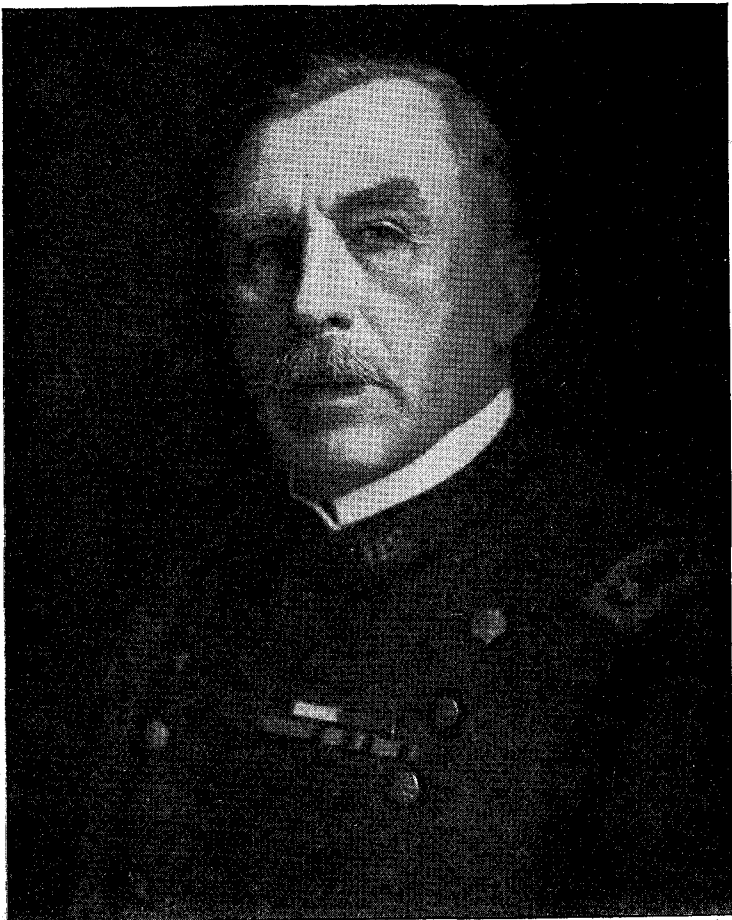
The quaint old town of Weimar is chiefly celebrated for its literary associations ; it has been called the "German Athens." Its association with Goethe and Schiller have endeared it to literary pilgrims. The Goethe-Schiller monument is shown at the left in the picture



(C) Underwood & Underwood

GERMAN "CONQUERORS" DECORATED WITH WREATHS AS THEY MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BERLIN

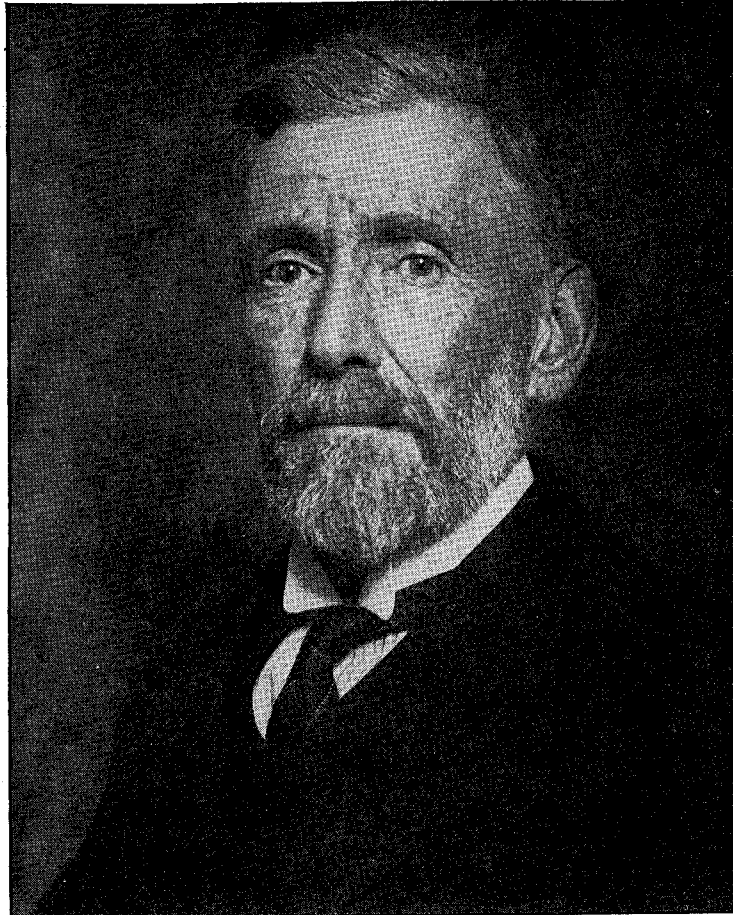
The Germans are bad losers ; instead of clothing themselves with sackcloth and ashes in the hour of their defeat and humiliation, they hypocritically pretend that they have won the victory and celebrate the return of their soldiers as if they were conquering heroes



(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

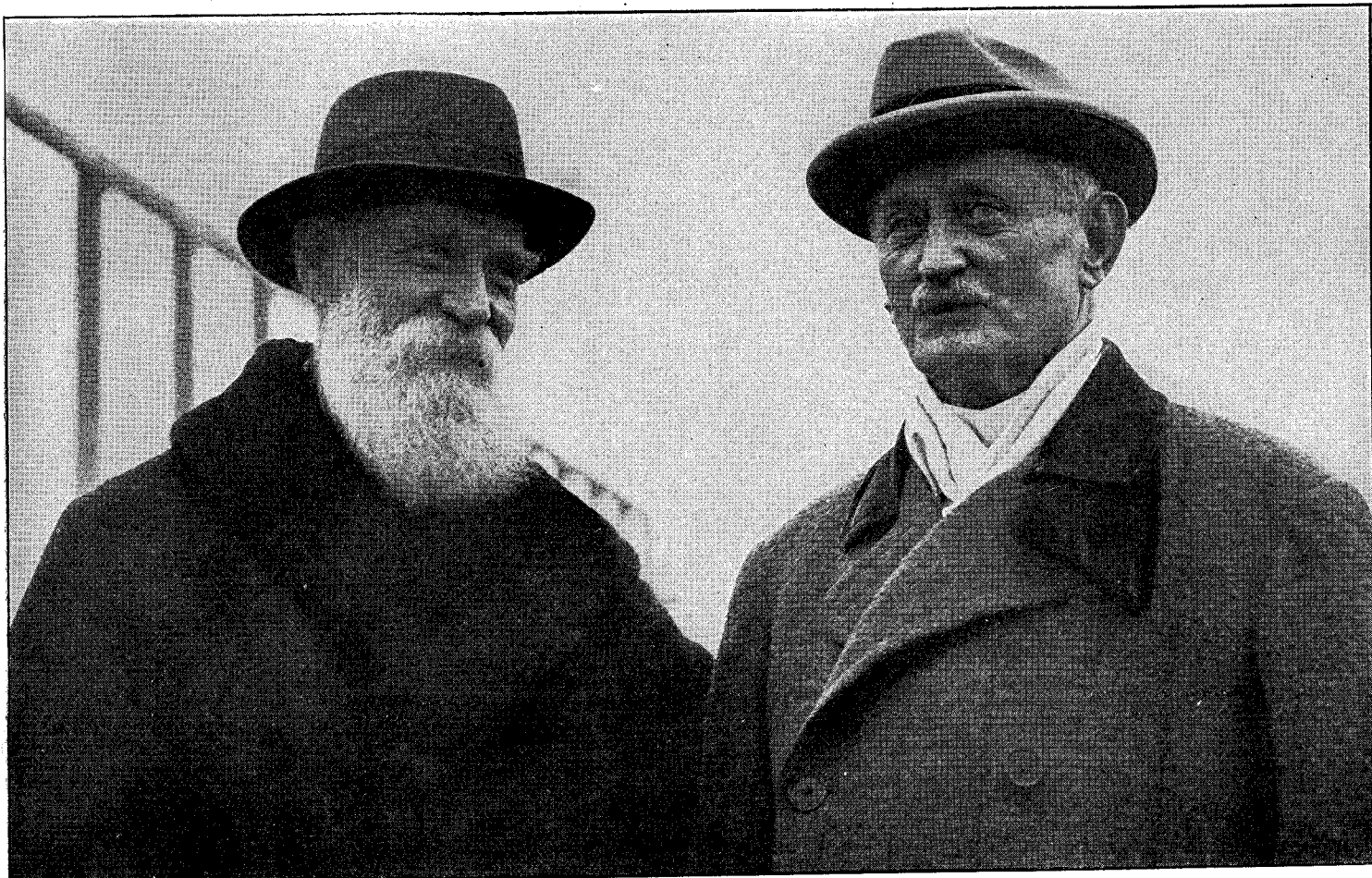
A host of Americans will be glad to see this fine picture of one of the ablest leaders of the American Army, who has distinguished himself in every position which he has been permitted to occupy



(C) Paul Thompson

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, IRISH LEADER

Sir Horace Plunkett is now in this country. He is well known as the Chairman of the recent Irish Convention and as a promoter of Irish industrial and agricultural movements



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PRESIDENT TCHAYKOVSKY AND AMBASSADOR FRANCIS

Mr. Tchaykovsky is the head of the Russian Government of the North. He is well known in America. We speak of his history and personality on another page. The picture was taken shortly before Mr. Francis, the American Ambassador, left Russia

"AN ISLAND IS—"

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"AN island is—"

Miss Laura had begun to set the pattern for the daily writing exercise of the fifth grade, when suddenly she laid down her crayon and stepped from the little stool which enabled her to reach the upper portion of the blackboard. She should have completed this setting of patterns before opening time, but she had been ten minutes late, and the loss of ten minutes may easily disarrange a whole day.

It was not her lateness which made her frown, nor an acute dissatisfaction with her life, suggested by the words which she had begun to write, though both had a moment ago irritated her; it was a sudden danger. Above her head the fourth grade tramped noisily back and forth. Their teacher was young and a recent graduate from a normal school where she had been taught to require frequent calisthenic exercises. Miss Laura hated the noise above her head, but she did not protest, because she believed in old-fashioned verbal spelling drill and her spelling lessons were noisy.

But now the marching frightened Miss Laura. The children kept time like soldiers, and the whole building vibrated. She glanced at the door, then at the ceiling. From the corner a little gray dust was sifting downward, and in the center a triangle of plaster bulged. She struck her ruler sharply on the corner of her desk.

"Fire drill! Stand! One, two! Run!"

The children scampered, delightedly. Usually they were required to walk. In a second the room was clear, and from the doorway Miss Laura looked back and saw that the crack was widening, the gray dust thickening. She closed the door, herself outside, and in an instant the ceiling fell with a thunderous crash.

"I told the directors it would!" said she. "It's their fault, not mine, if we have to miss a week."

Then she began to answer questions.

"Yes, it was your marching that was the last straw, Miss Parry."—"No, nobody's hurt."—"No, I don't believe there's any danger in any other room. The other ceilings have been replaced within the memory of man."—"No, there won't be any school for my children to-day or to-morrow."—"Yes, you may go home."—"No, you mayn't even put your nose inside the door. No, you can't get your books."—"Yes, come Monday morning."

When the children had vanished and the teachers had closed the doors upon the other flocks, Miss Laura looked into her room. The sifting lava from Vesuvius could have covered objects no more thoroughly; the air was still thick, desks and chairs and floor and pictures and plants were white. Withdrawing, she straightened her shoulders and went down the steps and across the school-yard, walking briskly under the shade of enormous Norway maples which had turned golden but which had not yet shed a leaf. At the gate she met the excited janitor.

"What is this I hear?"

"The ceiling fell exactly as I have expected for three years," explained Miss Laura. "The directors ignored my complaint and Miss Parry let her children march regardless. It's a mercy we weren't all killed."

The janitor grew pale with excitement. "What are you going to do?"

Miss Laura's eyes flashed. She knew what she was not going to do. From where she stood she could see to the end of the street and far beyond across miles of fields. Beyond, a range of high hills suggested an occupation for her afternoon.

"I have reported the trouble to you and I have told the children to come back on Monday morning."

The janitor waited for her to say more. He could not be expected to clear up the fallen plaster alone! He knew what plaster dust was!

But Miss Laura had turned upon him an indifferent back; she had indeed reached the corner of the street.

"Unless I can get help I will resign," called the janitor, then he vanished into the schoolhouse.

Miss Laura walked rapidly, first two squares in one direction, then two squares in another, and there unlocked the door of a small, neat house. The interior was cool and a little damp, and there was evidence in an empty invalid chair with a folded shawl upon it of a presence recently departed. As usual, tears came into her eyes as she stepped inside the door. Then she walked across the room and raised the window-shade. The view was the same as that from the school-yard gate—a wide prospect of fields, sloping up to distant hills.

For an instant Miss Laura stood quietly, then she looked at the watch which hung upon her bosom. After a moment of meditation she clicked the watch shut and got down her coffee-pot from the cupboard and put into it water and coffee in proper proportions. She rattled her stove loudly and set out bread and meat, then she went upstairs. When she reappeared in fifteen minutes, she was dressed in a black suit and a new black hat upon which a veil was draped. The only article which was not of mourning was the scarlet cover of a book which she carried with her black gloves.

She drank her coffee and ate her sandwich slowly, then she banked her fire and washed her hands and pulled on her gloves and locked her door behind her. The women on the street were getting dinner; otherwise she would have been hailed a dozen times. One does not walk nonchalantly down the street on a school-day for the first time in twenty-two years without causing remark.

At the railway station she answered the first inquiry.

"The ceiling fell in my room and I couldn't have school, so I'm going to the mountain for the afternoon."

The station-master looked at her, his dreamy eyes brightening.

"Going to see the world, are you, Laura?"

"When the ceiling fell, I was writing on the board, 'An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water,' and I was thinking to myself that I'd never seen an island. You can't see islands from Mountain Park, but you can see other things."

The agent's eyes grew still brighter. He was a young man with a complaining wife and seven small children.

"I sometimes think I'll leave this business," said he. "But it's sort of got me. I believe it's the names on the cars—Union Pacific and Great Northern and Big Four, and so on. I like to think of the places those cars go to. But I'm like you. I never saw any of those places."

Miss Laura put her ticket soberly into her purse.

"I was at Mountain Park on my eighteenth birthday. When I came home, my father was dead."

"So," said the agent, sympathetically. "Well, good luck to-day."

Miss Laura selected a seat on the left side of the car. Brownsville looked flat and dull, and ceased, as she drew away from it, to have any reality. Her eyes were fixed on the fields where corn was being husked, on the richly colored trees, and on the banks covered with blue asters and scarlet sumac. Her heart throbbed, and several times her eyes filled with tears. For twenty-two years she had not been away from home!

She identified a famous stock farm which she had never seen, though it was only ten miles from Brownsville. Here were rows of stables and a curved driving-track upon which grooms led blanketed horses slowly up and down.

She saw, as the land began to rise, large apple orchards with red York Imperial and Stayman Winesap apples hanging thickly on the trees. In each orchard were piles of barrels and broad, low pyramids of fruit. One farm had a sign at its gate, "Hollingsworth Farms," and here there were both orchards and barns and stables for blooded stock. The men in Brownsville said that Jim Hollingsworth could scarcely keep count of his wealth, so fast it rolled in. He had worked hard for his money, and he still worked hard; up early and late and going all day like a machine. Other people would have pronounced him happy in creating so beautiful a home to pass on to his children, but Miss Laura, in the present mood, thought of the beautiful place as a prison.

"I wish I had some of his chances!" sighed Miss Laura. "I have worked hard, but I have never seen an island nor a peninsula nor"—now imagination soared—"nor an oasis nor an atoll nor a volcano!"

When the train began to climb through thick woods, she opened the red volume on her knee and turned from page to page. It was a guide-book to southern Italy, a queer selection for a journey from

Brownsville to Mountain Park! She read the beautiful names of beautiful places—"Naples," "Castellamare," "Capri," "Salerno"—and dreamed of them as the train puffed and panted, summoning to her mind bits of prose as others recall poetry, quotations from this or other guide-books or from geographies which she had taught.

The station at Mountain Park was no more than a long board platform. The conductor looked at her curiously as he helped her down.

"Cottages and hotels all closed, lady."

"I know," answered Miss Laura.

She did not wait to see the train pull away, but started up a broad drive into the woods, meaning to climb far above the amusement park to an observation tower which she had visited for only a few minutes twenty-two years before and from which she had been drawn by her gayer companions, who wished to ride on the merry-go-round. But she could remember even from her brief glance the outline of the vast panorama.

It seemed to her at first that she was to have, as she had hoped, the whole mountain to herself; but she had gone only a little distance when she heard an automobile behind her. The road had narrowed, and she stepped aside to be as much as possible out of the dust. The small, dusty car with its single passenger passed her; then at the next turn of the road she found it waiting, the driver leaning out over the door. He was a dark-eyed man, of middle age, as dusty as his car. He looked at Miss Laura with kindly invitation, and explained his business as though to set any fears at rest.

"I'm going to the top of the mountain to look at some timber. Shall I give you a lift?"

Miss Laura hesitated. She was sensible and wholly unromantic and she had no fears of a man who looked so kind, and she had still less any foolish consciousness of sex.

"I thought I'd like to walk up, but I guess it would be more sensible to ride."

The stranger opened the door.

"The road's very dusty."

Miss Laura stepped lightly in beside him.

"I'm going to the lookout."

"All by yourself?"

"Yes."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"The train leaves the park at five o'clock; that'll give me two hours up here, then I'll walk down."

"It will take me about two hours to do what I have to do, then I'll come back, and if you'd like to ride I'll bring you down."

"Thank you," said Miss Laura. "I guess you wonder what I'm doing up here; but I don't know whether you'll understand if I tell you."

"I'll do my best," promised the stranger, soberly.

"I'm a school-teacher in Brownsville. This morning the ceiling in my room fell after I'd been warning the directors for years to have it fixed and they wouldn't.

Nobody was hurt, fortunately. I knew if I stayed there they'd expect me to clear up, so I came away. Once, long ago, I came up here with my schoolmates, and they wouldn't let me stay because they were interested in the merry-go-round. So I thought I'd come back."

The stranger looked straight ahead. It was hard to tell whether he approved or disapproved of this performance. Miss Laura looked steadily in his direction, though, as they climbed higher, the openings through the trees to the right gave ever-widening prospects. She had turned her head away from the view in Mountain Park; she intended to let it burst upon her when she reached the summit.

"I will be forty years old in December," she announced, uttering the next thought that came into her head. "If I have to be middle-aged, I'm going to be independent."

The stranger smiled.

"That's right."

He brought the car to a stop beside the tower, which lifted the spectator above the higher ridge.

"I'm going to leave the car here." He looked at Miss Laura and flushed. It was plain that he wished to say something polite, but that he was not accustomed to social amenities. "Good common sense ought to go with middle age and independence," said he at last. "You'd better wait till I come back."

"Thank you; I believe I will," answered Miss Laura. Her foot was already on the lower step of the tower; still trying not to see the view, she watched the erect figure disappear among the trees.

Reaching the summit, she entirely forgot him. The mountain-side dropped two thousand feet with such abruptness that another degree would have sent gray rocks and gorgeous trees crashing to the valley; the checker-board of field and orchard extended as far as the eye could reach, then dissolved into blue-gray haze. Being a geographer, Miss Laura knew that the blue haze could not hide the sea, but she chose to believe that it did. Overhead arched the flawless sky.

She sat down on a bench and leaned her arms on the railing. At first she did not think, she only stared and breathed in the fresh air. Then she began to trace the course of the little streams and to name the little towns and to watch a buzzard wheeling over a near-by promontory. After a long time she began to cry. The vast expanse recalled to her hopes long forgotten and never, indeed, quite formulated.

"I thought I should have everything!" said she. "And now I shall soon be forty years old!"

Fortunately, her tears were dried when at the end of an hour the stranger returned. They had left her eyes soft and her cheeks red, but that was not to be regretted. The stranger explained that he was early, but that he had finished his work, and that if she did not mind he would take a look at the view.

Miss Laura moved from the middle to the end of the short bench.

"It's not my view," said she.

The stranger smiled, and asked whether he might smoke his pipe. Miss Laura's way of saying things amused him. He looked down at the red book and then at her again with his mask-like expression.

"Were you expecting to go to southern Italy?" he asked.

The tears came back into Miss Laura's eyes, then she drew a deep breath.

"No, I wasn't. I did expect to once, but I don't now. When I was eighteen, my father died suddenly and my mother was paralyzed. Since then I have taught the fifth grade in the winter and have sewed for people in summer. Now my mother is dead, and I shall go on teaching the fifth grade. I've always wanted to travel. My father was a preacher and had spent a year abroad as a tutor, and he started me by playing geography games, and my mother and I went round and round the world a hundred times."

The stranger lifted the red book from where it lay on the bench between them.

"With the help of this?"

"That and others," said Miss Laura.

"I could leave Brownsville and go to Naples and Capri and Salerno and Rome and to all the little towns where there are beautiful pictures and old churches, and I'd know what hotels to stop at, and even"—Miss Laura laughed—"even how much to give the beggars!"

"Are there beggars there?"

"They meet you in the harbor, and you throw money over the side of the boat for them, and you can see their white bodies go flashing far down under the blue water, and they sit on steps of churches and run out in front of your carriage and they pretend they are tax-collectors and demand outrageous sums. I'd settle them!" laughed Miss Laura. She propped her chin on her clasped hands. "If this were Italy, I could tell you that over there is Rome, far beyond where the Waynesboro chimneys are smoking, and far beyond that is the sea, and over here is Assisi, above Jim Hollingsworth's farm where that buzzard is sailing, and we are at Perugia. Think of it! And no one from Brownsville has ever seen Perugia or ever will. The preacher has been over, but he went to Germany. Look at the apple orchards and think of the dollars rolling in! Jim Hollingsworth's apples are sold in Europe, but he will never see Perugia, and he wouldn't know it if he did see it!"

The stranger puffed away at his pipe.

"What is there at Perugia?" he asked, politely.

Miss Laura answered, shortly, "History and pictures," then she bent her chin once more upon her clasped hands. She had, she believed, made a fool of herself, and the stranger, however polite, was a little amused at her. She sat with closed eyes trying to photograph upon her eyelids the sky and the gold and scarlet forests and the unlimited plain.

But she did not long keep silent; she had had no one to talk to since her mother died, and the presence of a listener was an irresistible temptation. Brownsville had

never been interested in her favorite topics of conversation.

"My mother used to read me this while I sewed and I used to think of this view: 'This is a landscape which can never lose its charm. Whether it be purple-golden summer, or winter with sad tints of russet woods and faintly golden snows, or spring attired in tenderest green of new-fledged trees and budding flowers, the air is always clear and light and finely tempered. City gates, somber as their own antiquity, frame vistas of the laughing fields. To the southward, far beyond those hills, is felt the presence of eternal Rome, not seen, but clearly indicated by the hurrying of a hundred streams that swell the Tiber.'

"That is the view from here," explained Miss Laura, whimsically, "and here where we sit there are statues and paintings and blood-stains from old feuds. Perugino painted here—that is how he got his name—and Raphael learned here, and—"

Miss Laura broke off suddenly, furious at herself:

"To-morrow I shall be writing, 'An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water'! Teachers usually prefer wise sayings like"—this with prim and mocking imitation—"like 'East, west, home's best,' or 'Do good and you will be happy.'" No one but her mother had ever known what a gay and foolish companion Miss Laura could be.

After a long time the stranger looked at his watch, and then at Miss Laura. She had taken off her hat with its somber and unbecoming pennant of black, and her brown eyes looked up at him from under a veil of curly hair blown across her forehead.

"I'm afraid we'll have to start if you're to make your train," said he.

Miss Laura rose.

"I'd better make it, or the conductor will have a search party out. I know he thinks I'm a lunatic, or worse."

The stranger took his seat behind his steering-wheel and Miss Laura stepped in after him, the red book in her hand. When half of the short journey was over, he asked whether her holiday had paid.

"Yes," said Miss Laura, stubbornly. "Of course it has paid!" Then she corrected herself. "It has now, but when I am back teaching the fifth grade I shall think that a holiday was a mistake."

The stranger said only, "Good-by," and Miss Laura said, "Good-by, and thank you." When he was gone and she was safely in the train, she scoffed at her self-analysis.

"Of course it has paid!" she insisted, stubbornly. "The view will be something to think of all winter long."

Then she blushed, feeling a premonition of other recollections than those of the view and the clear air and the heavenly sense of freedom. She had had this day her first emotional adventure, and upon those who have had no adventures before her age the experience is apt to bear hard. All the way down the mountain she saw before her a pair of enigmatic eyes and a square chin and a muscular hand on a pipe's bowl.

When she reached home, the station-master hailed her.

"Your room's all cleaned and the first coat of plaster's on the ceiling. It's the quick-drying kind, and everything'll be in order by to-morrow evening."

"So!" said Miss Laura.

She expected that chill and dullness and loneliness would meet her at the door of her house, and they did—all of them. She had always heard that when you went away for a day and came back everything was worse, and she found that to be true. She washed the coffee-pot and cup and saucer and plate from which she had eaten her lunch, and prepared supper, and washed her dishes, and then the waves and billows went over her. There was one billow which drowned her in shame, and only until bedtime did she manage to keep her head above its engulfing flood.

"I will be forty years old in December," she wailed. "I have never looked twice at any man or seen one I wanted to look at. Am I now to be captivated in one afternoon by a dusty man in a Ford car who probably has a nice wife and ten children and who merely offered me a ride?" It seemed to Miss Laura that life had added insult to injury. "There is no fool like an old fool," said she, savagely. "I will not think of him."

But the strong shoulders and the enigmatic eyes and the square chin and the muscular hand on the pipe's bowl stayed with Miss Laura far into the night. They were not merely individual, but symbolic of all that she had missed. She forgot her years of gay and generous service of her mother, her years of cheerful, capable service in her community; it seemed to her that there was but one experience in the world worth having, and that that had been denied her.

She rose early in the morning, and all the day cleaned house. Late in the afternoon she put on her hat and coat and walked through the gold-carpeted streets to the school-house. The apex of the season had been reached yesterday, and the leaves had begun to fall.

In her schoolroom all was clean and orderly, the janitor having changed active to passive resignation and having done his work well. The large pieces of plaster had fallen upon unbreakable objects like desks and benches, and from the others, like plants and pictures, the dust had been easily removed. The room had never looked so well.

Miss Laura took off her hat and coat and sat down at her desk and took her ruler in her hand.

"I must get over this," said she. "It is wicked to be so miserable."

For a long time she sat still, then she took a piece of crayon in her slender, capable hand. Twilight was falling, and she wished to set her writing specimens and a few sums on the board before she went home.

"An island is—" wrote Miss Laura, having mounted her little stool.

Then she turned and looked out into the hall. A man had come, stumbling, as though his thoughts were elsewhere, up the steps. He stood in the doorway look-

ing at Miss Laura, and she from her stool looked back at him. In the dim light their faces were white and their eyes large and dark.

"I've traced you, you see," said the stranger. "It wasn't very hard." Then he stood silently, leaning against the door-frame. For twenty-four hours he had seen near at hand an Elysium long dreamed of in vague dreams, and for twenty-four hours had been fitting words together and separating them and joining them again in some new relation. There were times when he seemed to have formulated an offer to a *cicerone* "Madam, I have means and you have knowledge, and we both have the same intense desire to see the world." But fortunately he forgot this combination at sight of Miss Laura.

"Miss Laura—" he began again. "You see, you are so well known that all I could get from people was, 'Oh, it is Miss Laura you want to find!'"

Miss Laura told him her last name.

"I am James Hollingsworth," said he, in return.

Miss Laura stepped down from her little stool and went to sit on her little platform.

"Oh, no!" said she, remembering with dismay.

"If I were twenty years younger," said Hollingsworth. "I should be willing to go about this differently, but I do not feel that I have enough of life left to waste any of it. There is only one reason why I have not gone round the world—I have never had any one to keep me company. If you will come with me, we will start in a week."

Miss Laura folded her arms tightly across her breast, still trying to hear above her throbbing heart her foolish speeches of yesterday. Had she offered herself as a courier to the universe? Then her fears were set at rest.

"If you think I have been too sudden, I will wait," went on the sober voice. "I do not mean that I want you only to go round the world with me. I want you to be with me everywhere."

The voice paused, and Miss Laura realized that her little clock no longer ticked. Hollingsworth spoke again in thick, half-frightened apology.

"I don't suppose you know anything about loneliness of body and soul and spirit."

Still Miss Laura said nothing. The twilight deepened, and Hollingsworth came across the room and stood with his hand resting on her desk. Miss Laura rose suddenly and, to his terror, moved away from him.

But she meant only to mount her little stool. Her practical mind recalled that Miss Parry would be happy to take the fifth grade, and that the third-grade teacher longed to be promoted to the fourth, and so on to the bottom, where applicants always waited. She rubbed out "An island is."

"This is all a dream. I know it!" said she, as soberly as Hollingsworth. "But I'll go with you."

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of February 12, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Is America a Melting-Pot?

Reference: Page 249.

Questions:

1. What are the reasons, as reported in *The Outlook*, for the bill that would prohibit immigration to the United States for four years? Tell what you think of each reason. 2. Tell all you can about our present immigration laws. 3. The Outlook does not believe in a wholesale prohibition of immigration. Explain why. 4. Formulate four propositions for discussion found in or suggested by what *The Outlook* says on this topic. 5. Discuss rather fully social and political effects of immigration. 6. Show wherein America has suffered because of its failure to plan for the adjustment of the immigrant to American life and ideals. 7. Tell how our immigrants can be thoroughly Americanized. 8. We are told that many petty frauds are practiced on the ignorant immigrant. Tell what you think of such exploitation, and discuss its international aspects. 9. The Outlook says: "Let the introducers of any legislation have a care how they take a fling at the 'melting-pot.'" Interpret this. 10. Give several reasons why the question of the immigrant touches *everybody* in America. 11. Read two very good books: "The Immigrant and the Community," by Grace Abbott (Century), and "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship," by S. L. Gulick (Scribners).

B. Topic: "Mandatories;" Colonial Administration.

Reference: Pages 257-259; 254.

Questions:

Note—Read the references in the order indicated. 1. Explain at length the mandatory system of colonial administration. 2. State the main points in the unfavorable comment upon this mandatory system. Present your own criticism of these comments. 3. State and criticize the points found in the favorable comment on this new system of handling colonies. 4. Tell why you do or do not prefer the annexation and the international administration systems of colonial management to the mandatory system. 5. Tell why, in your opinion, the mandatory system is accepted less spontaneously abroad than in this country. 6. Study carefully page 258. Tell why this study is valuable to you. 7. Do you think Europeans are beginning to consider President Wilson visionary and impracticable? Is he? Discuss, submitting proof of what

you say. 8. What does *The Outlook* believe the Peace Conference should do about colonial administration? What are its reasons? 9. Do you think any nation should surrender its sovereignty to any League of Nations? Discuss your answer. 10. Show in what respects the diplomacy of foreign affairs is related to the daily lives of ordinary people. 11. What is internationalism? What do you think its future status will be? Discuss. 12. Be sure to read "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by W. Lippmann (Holt), and "The Last Frontier," by E. A. Powell (Scribners).

C. Topic: Poison Gas or a League of Nations?

Reference: Pages 262, 263.

Questions:

1. What does Mr. Beers show is involved if there is to be no League of Nations? 2. What if there is to be a League of Nations? 3. In your opinion, would the perils and disadvantages be greater without such a League than because of it? Reasons. 4. Discuss: "Back of mechanical preparations there must be a new moral adjustment." 5. Discuss some historical ideals that, in your opinion, have become bankrupt. 6. Read two very excellent little volumes on the "League of Nations," by Theodore Marburg (Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: "Keep the Change."

Reference: Page 249.

Questions:

1. The Outlook mentions some privileges of members of Congress. Extend the list considerably. 2. Outline and discuss the attitude of *The Outlook* toward the proposed increase of allowance for each member of the House. 3. Give a brief summary of Civil Service Reform in the United States. 4. Tell what you have learned of civil government by studying this topic.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. Every country is several generations behind in its conception of other countries. 2. The world will never be free until a new kind of diplomacy is instituted.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in *The Outlook* for February 12, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Plethora, apologists, panacea (249); repatriated, in fee simple, mandatory nation (254); appanage, abrogation (257); Zionists (258); ambling politicians, inviolate, tacitly (259); reprisals, majority (262); apparatus (263); perquisites, cate-gory (249).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the *Weekly Outline of Current History* will be sent on application.



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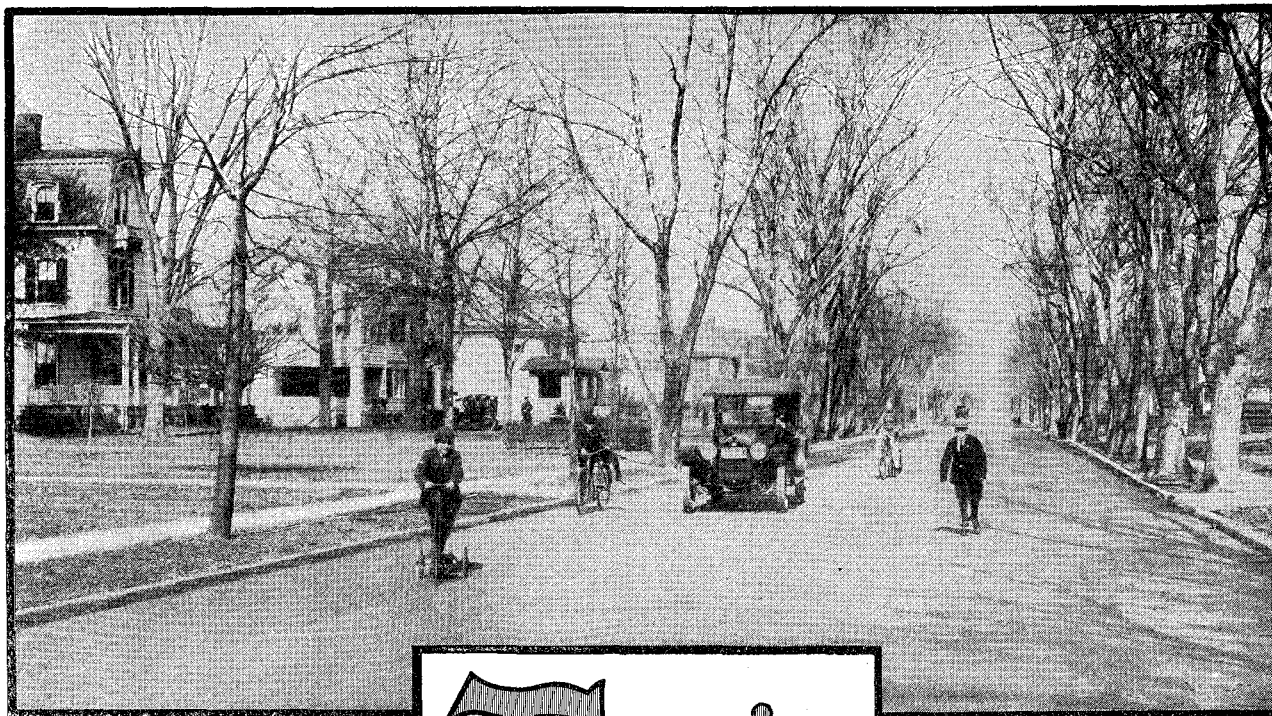
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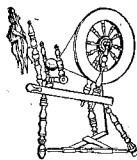
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WHAT LATIN IS GOOD FOR

After teaching Latin more than fifty years I read with some surprise your editorial commendation of "Boys Talking Latin in New York City." It was, to be sure, only a play in Latin, a diversion in its study that was described; but the question, "Is not this the way to study a language?" raises other questions.

Why should boys to-day be learning to talk Latin? Does any people now speak or write Latin? Are books written in Latin now, as was Newton's "Principia"? What is the educative value of Latin learned so largely by imitation? A four-year-old boy would outdo the twelve-year-olds at it if given the chance. The bell-boys of European hotels pick up enough of three or four tongues to conduct a mock school in any one of them.

"The boys declaimed with a Yankee intonation." I take it that they did not mind their Latin quantities, the most characteristic thing of the Roman tongue, but almost impossible for the accent-trained Anglo-Saxon. Why was not that exactly reproduced along with the candles and the togas?

"Rhyming verse was introduced to make the vocabulary easier to learn." But Professor John Dewey says, "Words or symbols stand for their meanings to any individual only when he has had *experience* of some situation to which these meanings are actually relevant." And Professor Dewey is right, for that is the way we have all acquired our individual English vocabularies.

But what is the study of Latin for in this twentieth century? Not for some peculiar discipline of the mind through grinding out declensions and conjugations; not for getting a Roman's thought and putting it into mongrel, translation English; not for resurrecting by Roman plays or by any other way a dead language. Latin to-day is for helping twelve-year-old boys and girls and those older to get a *consciousness of language*, the habit of noticing how things are said. Latin is a system for putting ideas across. The English tongue is another system; but the boy by imitation has taken it, as he did his mother's milk, without any consciousness of it as a means to an end. In Latin he finds a different system and the best for a comparison with his own. By it he may see and better his own. He translates *serv-orum* by its parts and finds the Roman says "slaves of" for his "of slaves." *Ama-ba-m* is "loving was I" for his "I was loving," and he begins to think and does not grind out his declension forms as whole words as though they were English forms.

A boy to-day picks up in his daily life some chemistry and some physics; but he studies these sciences if he is to know the laws of the composition of bodies or of the resolution of forces. Language is a very important science. Why should a boy's native tongue be left to imitation entirely if he is to be a master in it?

The boy to-day studies Latin that his mother tongue and the great Romance languages may be made *alive*, that "alimentary" may be meaningful to him, that he may know why what he "lives on" is spelled "victuals" rather than "vittles." Eighty-seven per cent of the meaningful words of his "Declaration of Independence" have their roots in the Latin. The verbs *sto* and *facio* are each the source of more than two hundred of his English words. The Latin

74th ANNUAL REPORT

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To the Policy-holders and the Public:

Any intelligent man knowing that he must immediately go to war would take any life insurance policy, for almost any amount offered by any responsible company at any reasonable price.

It gives us all something of a shock to realize that the deaths in our army during this unprecedented war just closing have recently been surpassed many times over by the epidemic deaths in everyday life.

Influenza, we are told, up to January 1, 1919, had already killed as many young and vigorous persons in the world generally as were killed by bullets and disease in four and a half years of the war.

The wisdom of an adequate surplus in life insurance is now demonstrated. The folly of New York State in imposing a severe limitation on surplus—against which this Company especially protested in 1906 and since—is also demonstrated.

Through a period of years the mortality of all soundly conducted companies, in spite of influenza and other unforeseen calamities, will in all likelihood come well within the tables; but we now understand that incidents can arise through which mortality may temporarily exceed the provisions of very conservative assumptions. It is comforting to know that neither war nor influenza can make any material difference to you as a member of this Company, because as against such startling incidents this Company long since made abundant provision.

From this there are two fair deductions:

First—INSURE—there are just as many and just as sound reasons for insuring your life during days of peace as there are for insuring during times of war.

Second—insure in companies that have aimed above all things to achieve safety. In these days SAFETY sounds better than CHEAPNESS.

Our mortality up to the outbreak of influenza promised to be, in 1918, about 61% of the mortality provided for in the premiums; it was actually 95% of the expected. If this epidemic persists during 1919 your so-called dividends may be reduced in 1920; they remain substantially unchanged in 1919.

New Business of the year, chiefly from the United States and Canada	\$340,000,000
<i>The largest new business in the Company's history</i>	
Received in life insurance premiums	110,000,000
Paid policy-holders:	
Death claims	\$35,000,000
To living policy-holders	62,000,000
<i>We bought so many Liberty Bonds during the year that we were obliged to borrow from the New York banks.</i>	
Our statement shows on that account, Bills Payable	22,800,000
December 31, 1918, we owned at par Liberty Bonds aggregating	70,000,000
Bonds of the Allied countries, issued since the war began	30,000,000
Total war bonds owned	\$100,000,000

The Balance Sheet follows.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President.*

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1919

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate	\$13,449,600.00	Policy Reserve	\$756,695,852.00
Loans on Mortgages	166,053,804.71	Other Policy Liabilities	29,571,149.56
Loans on Policies	155,114,802.36	Premiums, Interest and Rentals Prepaid	4,515,533.09
Loans on Collateral	718,550.00	Commissions, Salaries, etc.	3,876,245.98
Liberty Bonds	69,791,491.96	Borrowed Money and Accrued Interest thereon	22,863,879.44
Bonds of the Allied Countries issued since the war began	30,968,201.77	Dividends payable in 1919	32,637,614.13
Other Bonds and Stock	508,957,595.13	Reserve for deferred Dividends	100,893,328.00
Cash	21,242,580.17	Reserves for other purposes	44,033,682.66
Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	13,647,771.41		
Interest and rents due and accrued	15,105,402.62		
Premiums reported to War Risk Insurance Bureau under Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act	15,344.02		
War Savings and Thrift Stamps	22,140.71		
Total	\$995,087,284.86	Total	\$995,087,284.86
INCOME, 1918		DISBURSEMENTS, 1918	
Premiums:		Payments to Policy-holders:	
On New Policies	\$13,971,187.19	Death Losses	\$35,070,157.61
On Renewed Policies	91,806,610.15	To Living Policy-holders	62,629,698.59
Annuities, etc.	4,360,997.80		\$97,699,856.20
Interest and Rents	41,500,876.98	Paid to Beneficiaries under instalment contracts	863,872.00
Money borrowed to increase Company's subscription to Fourth Liberty Loan	24,000,000.00	Paid to Agents and for Agency Expenses, Medical Fees, etc.	12,896,633.22
Other Income	3,246,707.28	Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Depts. Fees	2,255,320.50
		Borrowed Money repaid	1,320,000.00
		Other Disbursements, including Real Estate Expenses and Taxes	7,664,525.08
		Added to Ledger Assets	56,186,172.40
Total	\$178,886,379.40	Total	\$178,886,379.40

Policies in force Jan. 1, 1919 - - 1,360,433 Insurance in force Jan. 1, 1919 - - \$2,838,829,802

What Latin is Good For (Continued)

word *con*, with its forms *com*, *col*, *co*, *cor*, begins the words of over fifty pages of his Webster's Unabridged, and Latin *in* helps determine the meaning of over sixty pages of words.

Latin is especially for the use of English, for matching Cicero's invectives and periods, Virgil's lines, with good, effective English. It is, first of all, not for "talking Latin," but for *talking English*. The Latin teacher to-day, whether he knows how to put on a Latin school play or not, should know his English, its ways, its excellences, and its defects. This attention can begin with the pupil's first lesson in Latin if he parallels the declension of *porta* with the declension in English of *gate*.

Boys and girls need Latin for the *habit of work* it gives, the habit of steady, continuous application. Latin does not come with the flash of the cartoon or of the "movies," nor by a hasty reading. It is not so much "mental discipline" as mental habit that has made classical students marked men in all callings. Nor is the bright twelve-year-old boy in this day to be learning largely by imitation and memorizing. If he studies Latin, it is time for him to begin the habit of thinking about language, the greatest human instrument of all ages. That will make it interesting.

Some of us think that boys are to be made to believe that their Latin is a *living* language, not by talking and acting as the long-ago dead Romans did, but by learning through its study to talk and act more effectively as Americans.

Beloit College.

A. W. BURR.

THE VALOR OF THE EAST SIDE

A recent letter home from a staff officer in France glories in the splendid mettle and loyal Americanism of the men drafted from the motley foreign-born population of New York's East Side. An editorial in the New York "Times" recently devoted a column to one of them, Abraham Krotoshinsky (said to have been a barber), cited by General Pershing for his heroic exploit in aiding in the rescue of "the lost battalion" in the Argonne Forest.

The following paragraphs in the above-mentioned letter are of more than local and private interest:

"This division is made up of the puny East-Siders who a New York dude thought could never hold their own with the sturdy sons of the West. We have got something to be justly proud of in this, the great melting-pot of New York typified and glorified. Our burial lists show the names of the Jew, the Italian, the Russian, the Polack, the Irishman, the German, fighting for the free Government which has aided and protected each. They have offered their lives for their country, and in so doing have become real Americans—no matter where they came from and how they spell their names—as good Americans as those of us whose ancestors fought in all our wars [the writer is one of these].

"War is the great equalizer, the real melting-pot. It has welded for us a great people united by the common bond of sacrifice and devotion, courage and suffering, in a common cause. It is our regeneration, our rebirth, a revolution such as we have never experienced in all our history. This will not be realized till after the business has been finished up."

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

BUILDING A COMPLETE POWDER CITY WITH MOTOR TRUCKS

HOW A FLEET OF FIFTY TRUCK UNITS MADE POSSIBLE THE CONSTRUCTION, IN LESS THAN TEN MONTHS' TIME, OF NITRO, WEST VIRGINIA, THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW \$45,000,000 RESERVATION

NITRO, WEST VIRGINIA, on January 1, 1918, did not exist. Its site was cultivated farm lands.

Ten months later Nitro was a busy town of 17,000 workers engaged in building and operating a Government smokeless-powder plant of immense capacity.

Transportation figured large in the Aladdin-like creation of this community; all of the material used in the construction of Nitro, with its thousands of homes, its scores of plants, its electric, gas, sewer, and water systems, and its miles of railway sidings and vehicle highways, had to be hauled.

The transportation units utilized in this work comprised 50 motor trucks, about 650 teams of horses, 17 yoke of oxen, 30 small caterpillar tractors, 6 standard-gauge locomotives, a number of narrow-gauge locomotives, a river steamer, 11 barges, and a derrick boat.

To the motor trucks was given the haulage work that required speed and large volume. Yardage and tonnage totals of compelling magnitude give some conception of the task performed by these trucks, but a true realization of it can be obtained only through a personal inspection of conditions.

Nitro is located in a valley sixteen miles west of Charleston, West Virginia. It comprises a reservation somewhat more than three and one-half miles long and nearly one and one-half miles wide. The Kanawha River bounds it on one side. Rolling hills rise from the other.

Consider, then, the transformation that took place almost overnight. Where acre after acre of crops grew in 1917 there stood in 1918 scores of plants, huge boiler-houses, administration buildings, stores, offices, barracks, thousands of homes, a hospital, powder magazines, a railway station.

Small wonder that this was a job in which motor trucks played an important part!

Speed was the prime factor in the distribution of the necessary materials. This meant dependable haulage, highly systematized.

The units used were thirty-five two-ton, two-yard hydraulic dump trucks, ten two-tonners with platform bodies, and five five-ton trucks with three-yard bodies.

The transportation company rented the trucks to the general contractor at a stated price per day, furnishing only the necessary shop facilities for repairs, an adequate supply of repair parts, a competent master mechanic and assistants, an office man, and an operating superintendent. The chauffeurs, gasoline, oils, and shop and office

Building a Complete Powder City with Motor Trucks (Continued)

buildings were furnished by the general contractor. The drivers were required to clean and grease their trucks at the close of every day.

This system worked admirably. Minimum time was lost through crippled trucks, despite the severity of the work at times when road conditions were such that they tested the strength of ten yoke of oxen. The master mechanic and his two assistants made such frequent and thorough inspection of the trucks that they were kept in perfect order, a complete supply of spare parts being on hand to replace worn ones.

Overloading was strictly prohibited. This not only meant a more sensible use of the trucks, but resulted in increased haulage, for rated loads reduced much of the miring of trucks in the muddy clay in which they often were compelled to work.

The trucks were worked ten hours a day; sometimes more than that, engines rarely being shut down except at lunch hour. The hauls varied from half-mile to three-mile round trips.

Some of the achievements of the trucks were:

The hauling of five hundred thousand bricks by eight trucks in six days, half-mile trips and loading periods of twelve minutes.

The removal of five car-loads of warehouse materials by eight trucks in three and one-half hours, the round trips being four miles.

The haulage of three hundred tons of crushed stone by the fleet of five five-tonners in nine hours; three-mile trips, quick loading and unloading.

Such instances as these enable one to understand how the general contractors were able to utilize the motor trucks and other haulage forces so effectively that almost amazing achievements resulted.

For example, during the period of activity from the early part of January until October 12, 29,294 box cars were unloaded. During the crest of operations for a stretch of six weeks there were two hundred cars arriving daily. This meant that one car was received and unloaded every three minutes during the working day.

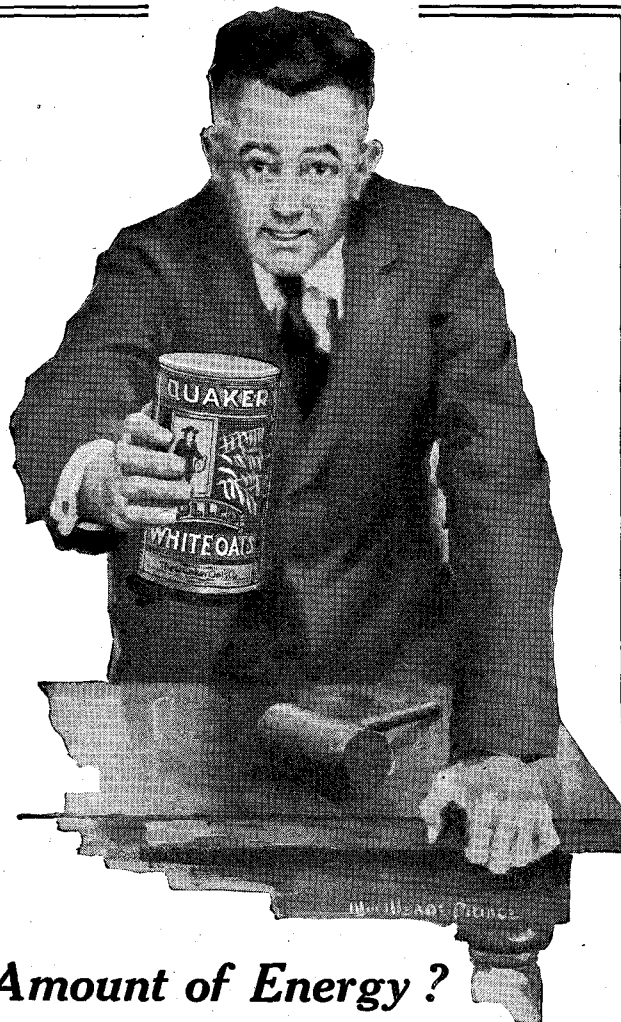
The fact that three thousand individual buildings were erected up to October 12 meant that a building was built and furnished, electrically wired, and plumbing installed every thirty minutes during the working day.

Scarcely a phase of the construction operations escaped the activities of the motor-truck fleet. They played a part in transporting the mill-patterned sections of the bungalows. They played a part in the haulage of materials for the big water system—a system that has a capacity of ninety million gallons of water daily, a quantity twice that consumed by the city of Baltimore. This immense quantity was needed to supply, not only the homes, but mainly the big battery of boilers, capable of delivering forty-seven thousand horse-power. They played a part, too, in the construction of the electrical system, with its three thousand kilowatt generators. They played a part in the construction of the many miles of sidewalks. They played a part—but a recital of practically all of the building activities would be necessary to complete the list.

Truly, transportation was a dominating factor in the erection of Nitro, West Virginia.

Data furnished by the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company.

How Much Will You Pay



For This Amount of Energy?

The large package of Quaker Oats yields 6,221 calories of energy. It costs 32 cents.

That means five cents per 1,000 calories, for the greatest food that any price can buy.

At this writing, that same energy value costs in other foods as follows:

Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats - -	\$0.32	In Hens' Eggs - -	\$4.25
In Round Steak - -	2.56	In Halibut - -	3.31
In Veal Cutlets - -	3.56	In Salt Codfish - -	4.87
In Canned Peas - -	\$3.35		

In the six foods named the average cost is \$3.65 for 6,221 calories—more than eleven times the cost of Quaker Oats.

The costly foods are good foods. They should not be excluded.

But the oat is a better food. It is almost a complete food.

For the years of growth it has for ages stood as an ideal food.

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. They must supply a certain amount of energy.

In Quaker Oats that energy costs a trifle. It comes in delightful form.

In many a food the same energy value costs you ten times more.

That difference is enormous. Review these facts and decide what you will pay.

Quaker Oats

Queen Grains Only

Quaker Oats is the supreme grade of oat food. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Thus you get exquisite flavor without extra price. Simply specify Quaker Oats.

To make the oat dish popular, serve it at its best.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c—Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Make Your Plant A Better Place to Work In

When the men come back who have served in the Army, Navy, and Marines, they will be bigger, better, and healthier men in every way than they were before.

They will have acquired habits of discipline and orderliness and will inspire others with the same spirit.

Durand Steel Lockers in the plant will help to conserve this spirit and make the men proud of the firm they work for.

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.

1573 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. 973 Vanderbilt Bldg.
Chicago New York

"AN INTRODUCTION TO UNITARIANISM"

By Samuel M. Crothers, and other Unitarian
Literature SENT FREE on application to
Mrs. B. W. Silsbee 160 Savin Hill Ave. Dorchester, Mass.



Weigh What You Should!

I positively build you up—or
I reduce you to normal. I
have done it for 87,000 women.
I improve your figure, strengthen
your nerves, increase your vitality,
make you happier; help you to
think aright. And you can

Be Well

Without Drugs

I show you how to free yourself from
nagging ailments. You follow my easy
directions in your home.

Sixteen years' ex-
perience. Approved
by leading physi-
cians. Your corre-
spondence will be
held in strictest
confidence.

Write me your difficulties in health
or figure. I'll also send you FREE my
illustrated Health Book telling you
how to stand and walk correctly.

Susanna Cocroft

624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as authority on condi-
tioning women as training camps have conditioned our men.

BY THE WAY

A possible early spring this year, signs of which appeared in the East even in January, brings forth this comment from a Pennsylvania paper:

The first snakes of the season made their appearance at the Hazleton, Pennsylvania, Iron Works Foundry. Two green reptiles, evidently brought in with a car-load of sand from Bowmans, near Lehigh, used in big castings, were thawed out of their winter sleep by the heat of the fire and caused some excitement when they attempted to get under cover. Mayflowers have appeared on the mountain-sides of the Lehigh field. Usually they are not in bloom until late in the spring.

A middle-aged man, the Kansas City "Star" says, was examining a phonograph record catalogue in a store in that city the other day. Among the French records he saw the title of Saint-Saëns's opera "Samson et Dalila." "What is this opy called 'Samson et Dalila?'" he asked. "As I ricollect the story, Dalila darn near et Samson."

An advertisement published in a Manchester (England) paper aroused much indignation, it is said, among its readers. It was as follows: "A German wanted; experienced. Apply —." The manager of the firm concerned, which operates a bleaching and dyeing plant, explained that the advertisement should have read: "Agerman wanted," etc. "We certainly don't want a German," he said. "An agerman is a worker in charge of a machine which fixes colors."

Returning soldiers are everywhere looking for jobs, and many of them advertise for positions; but probably few are as gifted linguistically as the man who inserts this advertisement in a New York City paper:

POSITION wanted by young man just discharged from the army; can speak English, Rumanian, Turkish, Italian, French, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Yiddish, Greek; have traveled extensively and been aid to some very wealthy families; have also traveled on ships as interpreter. Address —.

What is the longest word in the English language? "Honorificabilitudinit" and "anthropomorphologically" were recently mentioned in this column. A subscriber writes: "Have you not overlooked the well-known sesquipedalian word *antitransubstantiationalistically*—thirty-three letters?" Another subscriber says: "My old English spelling-book gave at the foot of a column of long words, 'Ho-no-ri-fi-ca-bi-li-tu-di-ni-ta-ti-bus-que'—one more syllable than Shakespeare in 'Love's Labor Lost.' There was much of interest in this old book; its rhymes, for instance—

"The boy that is good doth mind his book well,
And if he can't read will strive for to spell."

And for the bad boy,

"A stick grows near the wood
That will not fail to do him good."

On the fly-leaf was written:

"Steal not this book for fear of shame
For on the top is writ the owner's name
And God will say at Judgment Day
Where is that Book you stool away?"

A famous British admiral was complimented on his superb health. "I attribute it," he said, "to plenty of exercise and no banquets. One-third of what we eat enables us to live." "What becomes of the other two-thirds?" asked his friend, jestingly. "Oh, that enables the doctor to live," was the prompt reply.

The word Bolshevik now takes on the form of a verb. This is from a New York daily paper: "Right and left the reporters and photographers were bolsheviked from

the pier by men who wear the uniform of Liberty." Whether the reporters or the soldiers were right in this matter of frontier limits is another question.

The famous J. G. Johnson collection of paintings was to have been maintained in Mr. Johnson's home in Philadelphia as a permanent museum, but it has been found that the house was not fireproof and a new building will have to be erected. Incidentally, it seems, the Johnson mansion was not suitable for the exhibition of the collection, as it was so crowded with paintings that "the walls of the bathroom were adorned with a million dollars' worth of old masters."

It does not much matter who originated a story (and one is almost tempted to add that it does not matter very much how old a story is) if it is only good enough. Apropos of "familiar anecdotes," Mr. Philip Hale writes to the Boston "Herald":

President Wilson, speaking in England, told the story of the man that, being slapped on the back by some one, said to him: "I don't know your name and I don't know your face, but your manners are familiar." A correspondent, "T. B. D.," attributes this remark to Oliver Herford, and writes that Mr. Herford met his victim in a room of a club in this city. Mr. Herford has said and printed many witty things; some of them have still a wide circulation, but the retort quoted by President Wilson was attributed to W. S. Gilbert before Mr. Herford began to crack his jokes and try them on members of the club to judge of their future success with a publisher. No doubt the report was attributed to Theodore Hook, Samuel Rogers, Sheridan, Beau Brummell, and others before Gilbert won a reputation for making needlessly disagreeable remarks to bores and would-be jokers. Possibly the retort is in Joe Miller's book or Bacon's "Apothegms."

And Mr. Hale is not afraid to add:

The good jokes are all old. Stories of the smoking-room order attributed to Abraham Lincoln are to be found in volumes of "Ana" in French a century or more before he was born. Perhaps Noah told them to his sons in the Ark, or Benjamin Franklin sprang some of them at Court when he was charming French philosophers and noble dames alike. As our correspondent "F. E. C." well remarks: "This sort of attribution operates something like the old game of 'passing ball'; if one makes a bad throw into the past and falls short of the intended mark, any intervening player may catch the ball. Capital game, too, for we all have a chance at the bubble reputation."

A man hurriedly entered a post office to find an address in the telephone directory, says the Portland "Telegram," but he found a lady studying the book very intently. He waited patiently for a while, but she seemed no nearer the object of her search, and as his time was limited he finally ventured: "If you are in no great hurry, madam, would you be so kind as to allow me to glance in that book for just a moment?" "Oh, certainly," replied the lady; "I was just looking it over to find a pretty name for baby."

Speaking of names for children brings to mind the fact that Biblical names are not now so common as formerly. In Nova Scotia, however, they are still prime favorites. A subscriber writes that in Canso, Nova Scotia, are six brothers whose given names are, respectively: Cyrus, Elias, Silas, Ananias, Zacharias, and Cornelius. "Strange to say," she adds, "some years ago these brothers were working on one of the fish wharves when a heavy thunderstorm came up and Ananias was struck by lightning!"

The Outlook Classified Advertising Section

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The issues of March Nineteen and April Sixteen will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property.

CALIFORNIA

Offer for sale desirable residence property in San Diego and Coronado, Cal., including a beautiful home valued at \$8,000. U. S. Bonds accepted. Owner, 9,407, Outlook.

CANADA

Thousand Islands ST. LAWRENCE

Islands ranging from \$300, natural, to \$50,000, improved; cottages to rent, season, from \$100 to \$4,000. Special—a beautiful island; modern English bungalow and boathouse; furnished. Cash \$3,500. House and furniture insured for \$2,850.

SIDNEY ADAMS

Real Estate and Insurance, Gananoque, Ont.

CONNECTICUT

CORNWALL, CONN. For Sale or Rent
Furnished house, 12 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porch, open fireplace, furnace, barn, ice-house. 1½ acres of land. 9,415, Outlook.

LITCHFIELD, Conn. Houses for Summer Rental. Several fine homes for sale on the old historic Litchfield Hills. **MARION P. ROBERTS**, Real Estate Agent.

NEW LONDON ON THE SOUND

For Sale or Rent
LARGE HOUSE. Near bathing beach, Casino and trolley. Garage, 9 acres. Beautiful trees. On finest avenue in city, commanding most extensive view Long Island Sound. **WILLIAM S. CHAPPELL**, New London, Conn.

For Sale, moderate priced waterfront lots between New London and Saybrook. Some cleared, others tree covered. Bungalow and lot \$1,100. Rent \$125. **CRUTTENDEN**, Crescent Beach, Conn.

Furnished Summer Cottages, waterfronts near New London. Whitesand beach. Moderate rents. Illustrated descriptions. Write **Crescent Beach Land Co.**, Crescent Beach, Conn.

FOOTHILLS OF BERKSHIRES

Two Hours from New York
NEWTOWN, CONN.

Remodeled Colonial Homestead
Of 9 rooms and 2 baths, electric lights, completely furnished. Rent for season \$350, or sale at moderate price. Two acres of land, large shade trees, new garage, country club. Inquire **W. L. ALLEN**, 81 N. Moore St., N. Y.

LITCHFIELD HILLS, Sharon, Conn.
Large and Small COTTAGES, completely furnished; electricity, modern plumbing. Convenient train service from New York. **BAKER & KIRBY**, Sharon, Conn.

FLORIDA

INDIAN RIVER—FOR SALE Together or separately,
Cottage, 3 rooms and sleeping porch.

5 rooms, bath and sleeping porch.
7 rooms, bath and sleeping porch.
Grove bearing choice oranges, etc. Water fronts; timber; telephone; P. O.; desirable neighbors, etc. Citrus, 9,385, Outlook.

Sorrento, Florida Attractive country home, all modern conveniences; two bathrooms, sleeping porch. Ideal location, fine spring water. For quick sale \$7,000. Address Owner, Box 94, City Point, Florida.

MAINE

NORTH HAVEN, MAINE. 11-room bungalow on ocean's edge. Hot and cold water. Rent \$400. Completely furnished. Refs. required. Mrs. J. Coolidge, Cambridge, Mass.

SORRENTO, MAINE
TO LET. Three attractive small cottages beautifully located on Frenchman's Bay. Near swimming pool. Fine climate. Views of Mount Desert mountains, Golf, tennis, boating. May be rented together or separately. Fully furnished. Modern. Bathrooms and fireplaces. Moderate prices. Apply to Mrs. L. E. Rowe, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

MAINE

TO LET, at Sorrento, Me., near water, "Blythea," a plastered house of 12 rooms, 9 sleeping rooms, 2 baths, modern plumbing, running water on each floor, electric lights. Fully furnished. Write to owners, The Misses EDMANDS, 12 Corey Rd., Brookline, Mass.

MARYLAND

A New Up-To-Date Granite Bungalow on a four acre lot fronting unsurpassed water view, one mile by State Road to Cambridge, Md. Price \$25,000. D'Arcy Brinsfield.

MASSACHUSETTS

COUNTRY PLACE

in the **BERKSHIRE HILLS OF MASS.**
To be sold at a bargain. 153 acres, 53 in woodland. House, barns, garage, poultry houses, ice-house filled. \$6,500, including all farming tools, separator, etc. House could not be built for that price. Address **E. M. Barker**, 195 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

BERKSHIRE HILLS For Sale, attractive 6-room modern House. Large rooms. Sleeping porch and 12 ft. piazza. No Malaria. Fine Views. Acre Rich Soil. Mile to center. Easy terms. Ask description. H. B. Beach, 100 Holmes Road, Pittsfield, Mass.

CAPE Ballston Beach Bungalows
COD by the ocean surf. Choice location. Moderate rents seasons. S. W. BALL, 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

CAPE COD Ocean Front
Housekeeping bungalows. 5 and 6 rooms and bathroom; fireplace. Grand view. \$175 and \$150 season. **L. S. RICH**, Truro, Mass.

FARM—38 miles of Boston

1,500 bearing apple trees. 225 acres. Beautiful home, foreman's house, alfalfa land, 46 tie-ups, two large silos. In village, 300 ft. station, on State road. Worth \$50,000, sell \$20,000, without commissions. Some stock, full equipment. **J. F. DOBBS**, Malden, Mass.

MICHIGAN



FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN Ranch of 988 Acres

In Clare County, Michigan

Well adapted for stock raising. 105 acres under cultivation. Modern silo and stock barn with equipment. Comfortable house, good school on property, telephone, and rural delivery. 3 miles to R. R. station. For further particulars address **C. A. GILMORE**, Prop., Windover Stock Farm, Lake, Clare Co., Mich.

FOR SALE—ABOUT TWO ACRES

100 ft. frontage on St. Clair River
100 ft. frontage on Dixie Highway
Land high and dry. Price \$3,500. Values increasing rapidly. **F. H. HOLMES**, Marine City, Mich.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. **SARGENT & CO.**, New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

For Sale, Country Home
in **RINDGE, N. H.**, 70 miles from Boston. 60 acres, modern house and barn, city conveniences, unexcelled view, ideal country, climate and location for summer home, hotel or year round home. For further inquiries address **L. B. MORGAN**, 111 Broadway, N. Y.

Tilton, N. H. For sale, summer home, modern, attractive, convenient, ideal location, mile to R. R. and P. O. Address **Ray H. Perkins**, Tilton, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

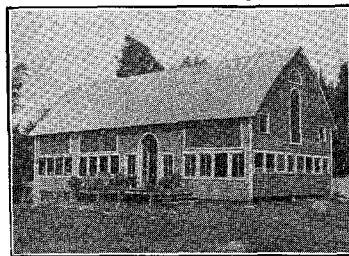
For Sale. Lake Winnepesaukee, Wolfeboro, N. H. New camp, furnished. Ten rooms 2 sleeping porches; all improvements. **CHARLES E. BIRCH, M.D.**, White Plains, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE An attractive New Home at the seashore, suitable for a large family or desirable for summer guests. All modern improvements. Address 9,347, Outlook.

NEW YORK

Established Boys' Camp for Sale



CAMP GAHADA Established 10 yrs., located Adirondack Mts. N. Y., on shore Lake Tawiskaron. Lodge (above) 30x80, mission furniture, 6 ft. fireplace, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, storeroom, ice cooler, dark room; 25 tents (9x12), flies, floors, cots; tennis courts, croquet court, baseball grounds, running track, jumping pits, diving towers, dock, boats and canoes misc. equip.; sand beach, spring water and system; excellent patronage. Inquire **S. C. BATES**, 331 4th Ave., N. Y. City, 13th floor, or **C. T. BATES**, 273 State St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Adirondack Camp FOR RENT

Eighteen rooms, 20 acres, 4 miles from Paul Smith's, on Upper St. Regis Lake. Railroad station, Lake Clear Junction. Post-office, telegraph and express office conveniences. Day and night trains from New York. Furnished, including linen. Ice-house, barn, three platform tents, woodshed full of wood, boathouse with large upper porch. Rent reasonable. For particulars address **JUDSON F. STONE**, Agent, 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK

Adirondack Mountains

Modern Cottages and Camps for rent, fully furnished for housekeeping.

NOEL FELDSTEIN, Real Estate
Lake Placid, N. Y.

Essex, on Lake Champlain FOR SALE OR RENT

Brick house, well furnished, delightfully located. 14 large rooms, 2 bathrooms, fireplace. Laundry in basement, with set tubs. Five master bedrooms, 3 maids' rooms. Large piazzas, commanding beautiful view of lake, mountains of Vermont, and the Adirondacks. Beautiful shade trees and lawn. For full particulars and views address **WM. H. STOWER**, MORIAH, NEW YORK.

ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
To Rent or For Sale. Delightful, furnished house, 13 rooms. All modern comforts. 16 acres. On lake. Address Owner, 9,371, Outlook.

LAKE GEORGE Finely located COTTAGES, Rent for Season. For pictures and particulars, Owner, 9,397, Outlook.

Most attractive furnished modern improved summer homes and bungalows for rent from \$250 to \$1,500. Golf, tennis and outdoor sports. Address **W. E. WALTON**, Glenburnie-on-Lake George, N. Y.

Suburban Properties and Water Fronts of all kinds for sale and to rent. Farms for sale, by **BLAUVELT & MORRELL, INC.**, the oldest, strongest, and best agency in Rockland County, Nyack, New York.

NEW YORK

"OPEN HEARTH"

Sparkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
FOR PROMPT SALE

Year round home in real country, 1 hr. to N. Y. Secluded, accessible. Artistic, comfortable. Small shingled house on sandy knoll, built round big fireplace. Burn your own logs. 7 rooms, two glass porches, den, bath, laundry, fine cellar, garage, 2 acres. Garden, fruits, timber, rocks, fine view, 100-acre wood abutting golf club ¼ mile, station ½ mile. Splendid water, wired but no fixtures. Owner's home, A-1 shape. Built by owner 7 years ago. Going West, will sacrifice for prompt sale, mortgage if desired. See it while occupied. Write **P. E. RIEMANN**, Sparkill, N. Y., or phone Cortld. 6140.

TO RENT AT

Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Large, comfortable furnished house, 20 rooms, wide verandas; eight acres orchard, garden planted; large covered veranda off second floor; all modern conveniences; complete carriage house; gardener's cottage; icehouse filled with ice; residence adjoins golf links and commands beautiful view; fine drives in surrounding country; about a mile from lake. Apply to **Judson F. Stone**, Agt., Chicago Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

FINE LARGE VILLAGE RESIDENCE for sale in Warwick, N. Y. Also fifty acres land; also Catskill Mountain farm of fifty acres. **G. F. PITTS**.

The time to buy, not the time to build **FOR SALE, Hudson River estate, West Shore** 110 acres, ¼-mile river frontage, deep water. For particulars address Mrs. F. O. Melcher, Hotel Margaret, 95-97 Columbia Heights, Bklyn., N. Y.

RHODE ISLAND

CHOICE OF 400 New England Farms, Country Estates and Seaside Property. Catalogue mailed free on request. **WILLIAM A. WILCOX**, Farm Specialist, Westerly, R. I.

VERMONT

In Beautiful Manchester, Vermont. Attractively Furnished Cottage. 11 rooms, 2 baths. Garage. Mod. improvements. **R. L. MAKIN**, Franklin Trust Co., Bklyn., N. Y.

FOR SALE—Beautiful furnished HOME, situated near **MOUNT MANSEFIELD**, 25 miles out of city of **BURLINGTON**, on State Road. Wonderful view, ideal location. House consists of 7 rooms, all hardwood floors. Bath, hot and cold water, electricity; two porches, covered driveway and pergola, nice lawn, good garden spot. Small building suitable for garage. For particulars address 9,413, Outlook.

WASHINGTON

ONE OF THE FINEST ISLANDS IN AMERICA

situated on beautiful Puget Sound, Wash., with grand nature and healthy climate. 266 acres fit for fruit or stock, for a club or resort. Partly cultivated, rest in woods. Being near Seattle, value increasing.
R. H. KIELLAND, Doylestown, Pa.
Attractive price for quick sale.

Tours and Travel

Go to EUROPE or CALIFORNIA at MY EXPENSE or elsewhere by forming a small party as soon as conditions will allow. **BABCOCK'S EUROPEAN and AMERICAN TOURS**, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn, Est. 1900.

CALIFORNIA—this summer Soon as possible. Plan now for then **YOUNG'S TOURS**
625 Kirkwood Blvd., Davenport, Ia.

Southern Resorts, California
Winter, spring. Finest hotels, motor cars. National Parks, Alaska, summer. Europe before long. Talk it over now. **TEMPLE TOURS**
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

FLORIDA

HAVEN BEACH COTTAGES

Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links between St. Petersburg and Clearwater on the Gulf of Mexico. Cottages furnished and with all conveniences of a suburban home—\$300 to \$750 until May 1. Surf Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Sea Foods. "The Lodge" at the service of cottagers—oysters, clams, scallops, shrimp, lobsters and fish of all kinds from adjacent waters. A "Seaside" Winter Home built upon liberal terms, maintained and rented when not occupied by owner and an Indemnity Bond furnished the investor against financial loss. "Investments made Safe for Investors." Offices: Citizens Bank Bldg., Tampa. Poinsettia Hotel Block, St. Petersburg. Address for illustrated folder and information desired, Florida Beach Development Co., "Haven Beach," Indian Rocks, Fla. Box 0.

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL

GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

VIRGINIA



Sea Bathing now—all the year round at the Hotel Chamberlin! Motoring, Tennis, and Golf on the Hotel's own Eighteen-Hole Course. The Hotel Chamberlin looks out upon Hampton Roads—next door to new Naval Training Base—a few miles from Langley Field, the Show Place for aviation in America. Much nearer and less expensive to reach than far South resorts. Send for Booklets! Address
George F. Adams, Manager
Fortress Monroe, Va.

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis

31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath \$4.50 per day with meals, or \$2.50 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request.
JOHN F. TOLSON.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium

A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Menrose, Mass.

Mrs. Ford's Home for TUBERCULOUS

Patients Rates \$15 to \$30 a week. Booklet. Wilkinson House, Liberty, N. Y.

LINDEN

The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to
ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D.
(late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Health Resorts

Mountainbrook Farm

An Occupation and Recreation Cure for Nervous and Nutritional disorders. In the hills of Putnam County, 500 acre farm.

Ideal home. Free from institutional atmosphere. Booklet on request. Dr. HENRY W. MILLER, Mountainbrook, Brewster, N. Y.

New Jersey.—A comfortable home with all improvements in the pines and near the ocean for convalescents or persons needing rest and quiet. Address 9,345, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Experienced nurse for child five years old. French preferred. 6,589, Outlook.

WANTED—Capable woman to take charge of dining-room in summer hotel. 6,593, Outlook.

WANTED—Experienced nurse or mother's helper for girl three years old. Permanent position, comfortable surroundings, in the South. References given and required. Address George F. Adams, Manager, Hotel Chamberlin, Fortress Monroe, Va.

WANTED—Nurse for child of two, Concord, Mass. Experience and highest references required. Wages \$65 month. 6,604, Outlook.

BUSINESS woman wants working housekeeper, family adults. No washing, cleaning, or care of fires. Full responsibility. 1 hour from New York. References given and required. Widow with child will find this a desirable situation. Address 3,184, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman with tact and experience as mother's helper to take care of three healthy children, respectively 2, 6, and 8. Our home is located in Providence, R. I., and we are willing to pay an equivalent to benefits received. Common sense, kindness, and a real love for children will secure for the right applicant a real interest in her personal welfare. Looking towards such a connection, we should be pleased to correspond. 6,610, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper. Position open to woman of refinement and tact with children. Plain sewing and mending required. Address, stating qualifications and salary expected, Box 315, Pleasantville, N. Y.

WANTED—Good cook. Christian woman, refined, for beautiful modern girls' home. Good room. One girl to help. No work outside of kitchen and pantry. Treated with greatest consideration and not as servant. Permanent position. Address Bonney Home, Norfolk, Va.

WANTED—Mother's helper. Gentlewoman. Cook kept. Children 6 and 7 and baby. Address Mrs. R. P. Woodin, 163 Barclay St., Flushing, L. I.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Avenue. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians; teachers for expression, French, Italian. Call.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG man desires position as amanuensis or secretary. Experienced. Willing to travel. Highest references. 6,584, Outlook.

SECRETARY. Educated, refined American woman; typist, stenographer (Gregg), filing. At present secretary business office. Position desired school, institution, settlement. Experienced neighborhood worker. Speaks Italian. 6,605, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GRADUATE nurse desires position with invalid; chronic or tubercular. 6,600, Outlook.

COMPANION and secretary. Lady of culture and experience. Will travel. No incumbrances. 6,612, Outlook.

TRAVELING in United States. Unusual opportunity offered parents to secure for their daughters chaperonage and care. Lady of highest social standing and wide experience offers services until July. Best credentials asked for and given. 6,606, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position. 6,580, Outlook.

NURSEY governess-companion.—Refined young Protestant woman desires situation. New York, Newark preferred. Excellent references. 6,613, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York Shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References. 309 West 99th St.

LADY, former teacher, Florida seashore home, will give loving care to delicate or motherless child. 6,601, Outlook.

JAPANESE young man wants exchange Japanese and English, staying together for a few months. Willing go to any place. 6,602, Outlook.

ONLY a few sets (15 copies each) of the school play "Prince Charming" for sale at \$5 the set. Address 6,613, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective or elderly people to board. Address W., Fawling, N. Y.

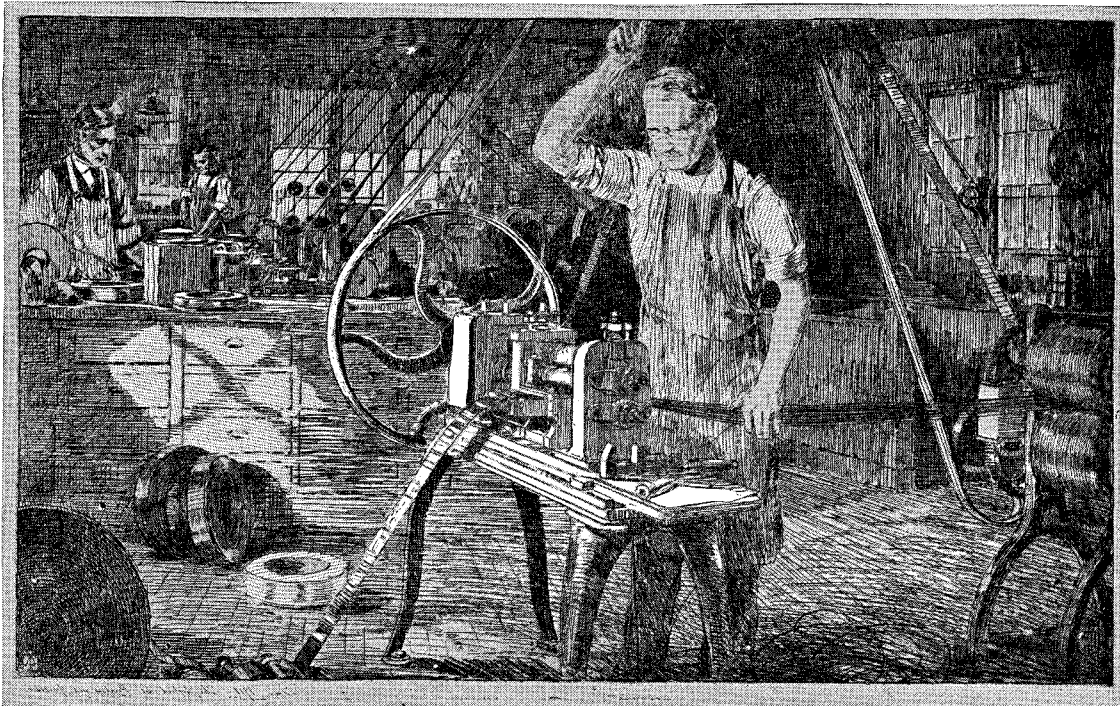
Your Property

Is it For Sale or To Rent?

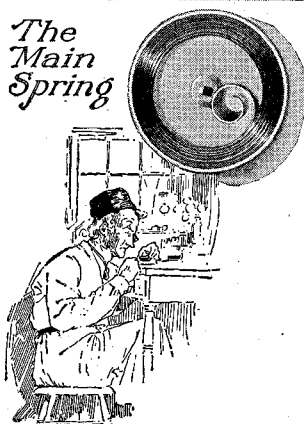
- ❏ If so, use the next Special Real Estate Issues of The Outlook, which will appear on March Nineteen and April Sixteen.
- ❏ An advertisement in this issue will cost but a few dollars and will reach the class of people who will be interested in your property.
- ❏ Write us about your property and we will help you prepare a suitable advertisement.
- ❏ Copy for March should be in hand not later than March 6.

THE OUTLOOK (Department of Classified Advertising)

WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFI- CALLY BUILT WATCH



AND THE FOREIGN BUILT WATCH



*The
Main
Spring*

THE watch presents the same elements of mystery that once surrounded the automobile. Now, nearly every one knows something about a motor car's mechanism. It is to make the "works" of the watch an "open book" that these Waltham advertisements are designed — to instruct and protect you in buying a watch.

The mainspring is the power of a watch. It is a piece of specially hardened and tempered steel, about twenty inches long, coiled in a barrel between the upper and lower plates of the movement.

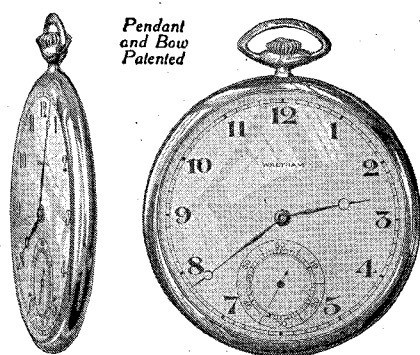
It is subjected to varying conditions of service in temperature and tension. The variation in thickness of two one-thousandths of an inch, or lack of uniformity in hardening and tempering, will decide the time-keeping quality of your watch.

The Waltham Watch Company produces fourteen tons of mainsprings every year. It is the largest mainspring maker in the world. The Waltham mainspring is cut from long rolls of steel of uniform and special quality, then tempered *in resilient form* by a secret process, and is placed in the watch coiled into a hardened and tempered steel barrel. This is exclusively a Waltham practice.

The *foreign* mainspring is not only cut in *short lengths*, but hardened and tempered in *short lengths* — therefore every foreign mainspring is an individual spring of uncertain temper, making the watch a liability.

The foreign maker of watch movements buys his springs in the open market. That is one reason why the imported watch gives such varying service. An inferior mainspring means an inferior watch — no matter how much you pay for it.

The uniform superiority of the Waltham mainspring is one of the reasons why the horological experts of the leading nations of five continents chose Waltham in preference to watches of any other make.



*Pendant
and Bow
Patented*

Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

\$125 to \$240

or more
depending upon the case

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME